HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXV.—No. 1285.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 6, 1881.

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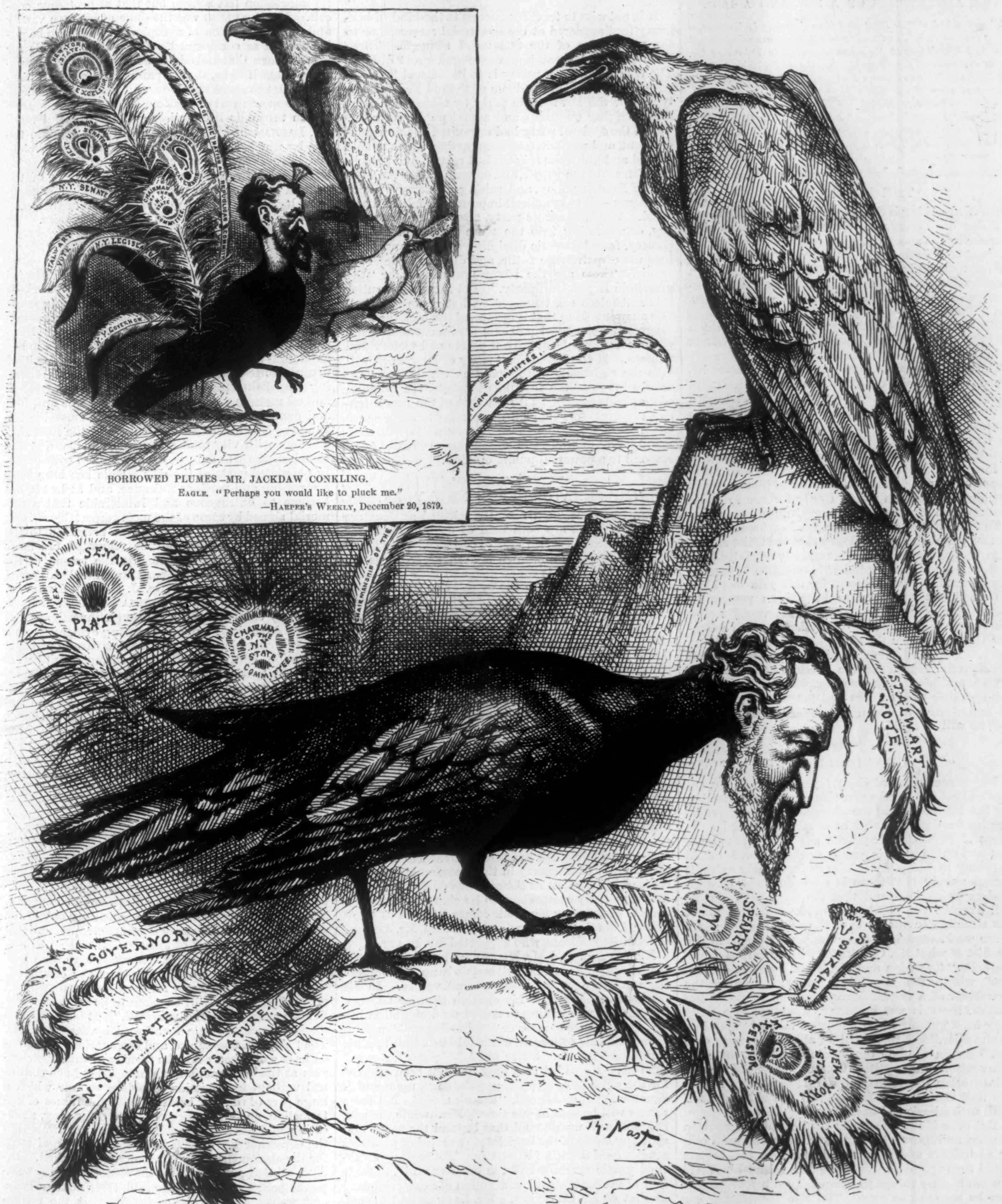
NEW YORK STATE EXCELSIOR
NEXT U.S. SENATOR
NEW YORK SPEAKERSHIP
CHAIRMANSHIPS OF THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE
CHAIRMAN OF THE N.Y. STATE COMMITTEE
N.Y. SENATE
N.Y. LEGISLATURE
STALWART VOTE
N.Y. GOVERNOR
1880 REPUBLICAN NOMINATION
INDEPENDENT VOTE
Th. Nast
(EX) U.S. SENATOR PLATT
CHAIRMAN OF THE N.Y. STATE COMMITTEE
CHAIRMANSHIP OF THE
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STALWART VOTE.
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N.Y. SENATE.
N.Y. LEGISLATURE.
EXCELSIOR NEW YORK STATE
Th. Nast.

BORROWED PLUMES—MR. JACKDAW CONKLING.

EAGLE. "Perhaps you would like to pluck me."

—HARPER'S WEEKLY, December 20, 1879.

PLUCKED OF HIS PLUMAGE (OR PATRONAGE).

THE JACKDAW IS AGAIN NOTHING BUT A *JACKDAW*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

NEW SERIAL BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER."

No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued August 2, contains the opening chapter of a new serial story by the author of "Toby Tyler," entitled*

TIM AND TIP;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

The story, which will be illustrated from drawings by ROGERS, *is full of incident on land and water; and those readers who followed with such kindly interest the adventures of Toby Tyler and Mr. Stubbs will no doubt feel an equal sympathy with Tim and Tip.*

In this number also appears Part I. of "A Bit of Foolishness," a two-part story of the White Mountains, by MISS SARAH O. JEWETT, *and "Mother Michel and Her Cat," a dramatized version of the "Cat and Countess," translated by* T. B. ALDRICH. *The play contains numerous illustrations descriptive of costumes, situations, etc., and will serve to pass pleasantly some rainy days of the summer vacation.*

THE PRESIDENT.

HOW absorbing is the general anxiety for the President's recovery was shown in the most striking manner by the shock of apprehension with which the news of the late relapse was received. The general feeling was and is a very touching spectacle. It is a consecration which the President is sure to understand, and which will be a benediction to the country. There has been no better expression of the deep sympathy and almost affectionate regard with which the President is watched than that of Mr. GLADSTONE in his beautiful letter to Mrs. GARFIELD.

The ever-growing harmony and mutual respect between the United States and England, Mr. GLADSTONE thinks, have been greatly quickened by "a cordial admiration of the simple heroism which has marked the personal conduct of the President, for we have not yet wholly lost the capacity of appreciating such an example of Christian faith and manly fortitude. This exemplary picture has been made complete by your own contribution to its noble and touching features, on which I only forbear to dwell because I am directly addressing you."

To these words every American heart warmly responds, proud and glad to know that the Chief Magistrate, elected by the people, is not only officially honored, but, for his own admirable qualities, is personally beloved. Indeed, except for this grievous blow the President might never have been personally known to the country. "The whole world would exert itself, were exertion of any avail, to save General GARFIELD from the shot," says the London *Spectator*. The admiration of his manly heroism and the personal regard for the President are unprecedented, and his happy recovery, for which the English-speaking world hopes and prays, will give him an opportunity to which his present bearing shows that he will be equal.

"THE GRAND OLD PARTY."

THE expectations of Republican success in the autumn elections, based upon the general good feeling for the President and the absence of any positive issue between parties, will be amply justified by the event if Republican councils are wisely governed. But something more is necessary than what is called harmony in the party. Where that really exists it means merely that there is no open fight between leaders or factions, and that the party will poll its full average vote. At present, however, that is not the situation in the State of New York. When for seven weeks there has been an unprecedentedly angry conflict of what Mr. CONKLING, with ludicrous rhetoric, calls "forbidden and abhorrent forces and agencies" within the Republican party, involving the overthrow of a degrading and mercenary party despotism, there is not harmony, whatever else there may be. There will be plenty of talk of "shoulder to shoulder," but there will be also a desperate contest between the late opponents to control the State Convention and the State Committee, and if the Administration Republicans again succeed, it is safe to say that the defeated faction will not exhaust itself with enthusiastic toil at the polls.

But even if the Senatorial feud could be forgotten at once, and those who have been branding each other as traitors and sneaks and perjurers and bribers could turn round and swear eternal friendship, there are some other things to be considered before success can be assumed as sure. The late Legislature has been doing something else than struggling to elect Senators. It has done this as the representative of the Republican party, and every Republican must ask himself whether it has probably commended that party to the confidence of the people of the State. We do not mean whether it has done this by the result of the Senatorial contest. Both the new Senators, of whom we speak elsewhere, will doubtless devote themselves to the public business instead of quarrelling with the Administration of their party, which was the chief business of the late Senators. It is by the whole history of the seven weeks that the party will be tried. The shameful desertion of official duty by State officers to engage in electioneering intrigues; the character of conspicuous leaders in and out of the Legislature; the charges and investigation of bribery; the PLATT scandal; the conduct of the Vice-President—all the details of the long struggle, which had so good an end, will help to determine the feeling with which the party will be regarded. For a party is judged by its representatives and their conduct.

It is not wise to trust for success to the kind of harmony that appeared at the Senatorial serenade, or to the revelations of the Senatorial struggle. These have produced great impatience and great disgust. The true Republican policy is to be warned by experience, and to avoid the doom of the old Federal party and of the Democratic party by taking the right side of living questions and actual public interests. When the Federal party had organized the new government, and put it in successful action, it was unable to lead and guide the spirit it had raised; and preaching distrust of the people, and opposing JOHN ADAMS's pacific French policy, and raising an army without an enemy—all to keep itself in power—it fell, and perished. The Democratic party, after its long supremacy, degenerating into the mere pander of human slavery, found despotic discipline and the unscrupulous use of patronage futile, and died, as it deserved to die. These are the historic warnings for "the grand old Republican party." Let those who mutter this shibboleth ask themselves what made it grand. The answer will be that it organized the best, the most progressive, the most patriotic sentiment and desire of the country. That gave it power and victory and renown. If the Republican party of New York will take the right side of the question which now most deeply interests the intelligent people, the question of the spoils system, as it took that of the non-extension of slavery, of equal suffrage, and of honest finance when those questions were paramount, it will command the old enthusiasm and success, because it will respond to a powerful public opinion.

THE SENATORS FROM NEW YORK.

THE two gentlemen recently selected as Senators from New York are both men of upright character and of political service and experience. The assertion that they are unknown is not true, so far as the State of New York is concerned, and they have been quite as conspicuous to the country as the majority of their colleagues in the House of Representatives. Indeed, the State and the country are both to be congratulated that the political confusion at Albany has ended in their election. The result of such a situation is always a compromise of some kind, and, under the circumstances, there was no probable or possible issue of the controversy more satisfactory than that which was reached. Among Republicans in the State Mr. MILLER is well known and very popular as a genial, shrewd, energetic, intelligent, "level-headed," and skillful political leader. He is not distinctively a reformer, but in the divisions of the party his face has been set forward and not backward. He is not especially an orator, so that he is not conspicuous in conventions or in Congress, but his sound judgment and his manly character make him a trusted and persuasive counsellor. Mr. LAPHAM is a lawyer of distinction, whose service in Congress has been dignified and respectable. He has been attached to the dominant power of the party in the State, and in the very crisis of his election as Senator has doubtless for the first time truly comprehended its character. Depreciation of the new Senators comes with an ill grace either from Democrats who nominated Mr. JACOBS, or from Republicans who supported Mr. PLATT.

Mr. LAPHAM and Mr. MILLER will warmly sustain the Administration, and will certainly not subordinate their public duty to their personal vanity. In his speech at Albany after his election Senator LAPHAM said that he was willing to accept no designation implying that he was more devoted to Republican principles than his colleague, nor would he admit that his colleague was "any better an Administration man" than he. He added that they had not been selected for the purpose of dispensing patronage, upon which Senator PITTS exclaimed, "Thank God!" All these things will be seen in due time. Meanwhile the new Senators will understand that beyond the small and spouting circle of the Legislature a crowd of witnesses around hold them in full survey. The recently awakened public sentiment of the country and the State will not tolerate such a conception of Senatorial duty as that of Mr. CONKLING. Mr. LAPHAM and his colleague will certainly be held to those higher duties which the former mentions as belonging to the Senatorship.

The new Senators, indeed, can not be of less service to the country and to the party than those whom they succeed. No man ever filled so large a place in the public eye as Mr. CONKLING with so little reason. His overwhelming vanity was flattered by ignorant or selfish parasites until he believed himself to be what with bated breath they declared him to be—a great statesman. The spectacle of his prominence in New York was inexplicable to cool observers in other States, for at no point and in no manner did Mr. CONKLING impress himself upon the country. He made a few melodramatic stump-speeches, which his parasites, but nobody else, declared decided great elections, and he kept a powerful political machine in repair by patronage for his own personal aggrandizement. What a mere bubble his "greatness" was is shown by its utter extinction, not only without the regret of generous and public-spirited men, but with no impression left behind but that of grotesque conceit. Mr. CONKLING was the dupe of his own vanity and of the adulation of sycophants. He is to be pitied as well as condemned. But if it be possible for him to learn that nobody is as important as he supposed himself to be, that to pamper one's own selfishness is not to serve the State, and that great opportunities impose great obligations, he may at some time return to public life a wiser and more useful man. Mr. LAPHAM and Mr. MILLER will not emulate the arts by which Mr. CONKLING made himself conspicuous, but as efficient representatives of the great interests of New York, as cordial supporters of the general policy of their party administration, as sagacious legislators for the general welfare of the country, they can readily surpass their predecessors.

THE PEST AT HUNTER'S POINT.

THE insolence of great companies is well illustrated in the Hunter's Point nuisance near New York—a pest which should no longer be tolerated, and against which public opinion and indignation are fast arraying themselves. At that point, and along Newtown Creek, there are factories of various kinds—ammonia-works, and oil refineries, and fertilizer manufactories, and bone-boiling and offal-rendering establishments—which accumulate putrescent animal matters, and generate impure gases and foul and dangerous effluvia of every kind, smearing the banks of Newtown Creek and parts of the East River shore with vile mud and slime, and pouring the stench of the whole in poisonous vapors over densely populated parts of the city. This has been long a revolting and perilous nuisance, and at last it has become so outrageous and intolerable that a memorial signed by some of the most respectable citizens and largest property-holders was presented to the Governor last winter, and he requested the State Board of Health to inquire into the reason of the complaint. The State Board appointed a special committee, consisting of Dr. J. SAVAGE DELAVAN, ERASTUS BROOKS, and Dr. ELISHA HARRIS, which immediately entered upon a thorough investigation of the whole subject; and after hearing evidence from a great number of persons, and making careful personal inspection, and receiving reports from scientific experts, the special committee made an exhaustive report. It showed how efficiently their work had been performed. It stated in detail the character and reason of the nuisance, and the nature of the evidence as to its deleterious effects. It showed that many of the worst nuisances are absolutely preventable, and are the result of the most wanton and criminal negligence; that some of the sources were of a kind necessarily so offensive and dangerous that they should be tolerated no longer than might be necessary to secure their removal; and that at least nine-tenths of all the matters complained of were controllable by perfectly simple and practicable means.

The report was so decisive and so forcible a justification of the complaint of the memorial that the Governor, on the 22d of April, issued a proclamation distinctly warning and ordering all persons, companies, and corporations owning and controlling any of the specified sources of nuisance to remove, prevent, and abate them by the 1st of June. The order was peremptory, and the proclamation ended with the warning that in case of neglect to obey the command, "official action necessary for the speedy removal and prevention thereof will be taken in pursuance of law in such cases made and provided." It is nearly two months since the date mentioned by the Governor. The "persons, companies, and corporations" concerned have not taken even the trouble to snap their fingers at the Governor's warning. They have continued without intermission to poison the air which a large part of the city breathes with the fumes of putrefaction, and with every kind of disgusting, suffocating, and sickening stench. We are not aware that the Governor has directed the necessary legal steps for the abatement of the nuisances to be taken. Indeed, all that appears is that the stench-breeding companies pour out their sludge acid, their noxious gases and smoke and vapors, as before, that the recommendations of the State Board of Health and the official order of the Governor are contemptuously disregarded, and that the rights of the poorer citizens who can not escape, and of the richer citizens who hold real estate in the most desirable part of the city, are equally despised by the companies and corporations.

This is the reckless and insolent disregard of the public interest which breeds popular distrust and hatred of the great combinations of capital. Their attitude and tone toward the public are that of Tweed's famous sneer, "What are you going to do about it?" They take the position of brutal bullies, and they invite the just fate of bullies. Tweed at least did plant flowers about the City Hall Park, and returned a penny of the thousands that he stole from the poor in the form of gifts of coal. But the great corporations do not care to gild or vary their contempt for the rights of the public by any form of concession. Upon the East River there are vast areas of a poor and hard-working population which need every alleviation that pure air can supply. They may not know it, still less protest and petition against the poisoning of the atmosphere they breathe. But all the more imperative is the duty of those who are wiser than they, and who suffer with them, to spare no effort lawfully to rout the common enemy which is intrenched at Hunter's Point, and incessantly assails the city with discomfort and disease. If the Governor fails to enforce the remedy which he has threatened, the citizens who have already protested and petitioned should test the question whether the State of New York is strong enough to deal with huge corporate criminals, or whether the commonwealth is as powerless before them as the individual citizen.

POISON IN THE SPRING.

Mr. John I. Davenport, the well-known United States Commissioner and Chief Supervisor of Elections for the Southern District of New York, has received as much Democratic abuse as any man in the State. The reason is evident to the reader of his remarkable volume just published, *The Election Frauds of New York City, and their Prevention.* This is a detailed history, by a master of the details, of the enormous electoral frauds in the city during the last twenty-one years—frauds which have been managed mainly by Democratic agents, and always in the interest of the Democratic party. There has never been so searching an exposure of the methods of defrauding the people of their honest will as this book, because Mr. Davenport is probably the only man who, with every opportunity of knowledge, has so coolly and carefully studied the subject. He has made a unique and invaluable contribution to our political history, and has revealed more clearly than it has been ever before seen another claim of the Republican party to national gratitude; for the purpose of the Democratic Ring of fraud in its heyday under Tweed, when John T. Hoffman was Governor and Oakey Hall was Mayor, was to obtain fraudulent possession of the Presidency, as it had stolen the Governorship of New York for Hoffman in 1868.

It was notorious eleven years ago that popular government had practically failed in the city of New York, and perhaps to a great majority of persons there seemed to be no solution of the situation but by violence. Mr. Davenport, who is not an excitable or extravagant person, says what is undeniably true, as the recollection of our readers will attest: "The simple statement that all pretensions of respect for law or the forms thereof, and all attempts to maintain the public peace, and protect either property or life, were openly abandoned by most of those in official station, while profligacy, wantonness, open thievery, and every form of corruption and fraud flaunted itself in regal munificence in the face of the community, is a mild but true picture of the condition of public affairs in the city of New York in 1870." The legal counsel who were hired by the Ring to "defend" them in the courts, and who interposed every technical obstruction to the course of justice, as they read their names in this volume, are doubtless conscious of the feeling with which honorable citizens read them also. Tweed frankly testified that he had given orders to falsify returns of votes in every ward. "The ballots made no result. The counters [his tools] made the result."

It was Republican legislation, the State registry and national election laws, resolutely enforced by Republican officers and sustained by Republican opinion, which saved the State and the country from the further fatal consequences of this system of fraud. Republican authorities did not hesitate to hold military force in reserve to deal, if necessary, with probable disorder, and by such good sense and firmness in maintaining just and reasonable laws secured honest elections. Honorable Democrats have acknowledged the value and good results of these laws. But nothing is plainer than that the Tweed régime in New York, and the Democratic attempt in the extra session of Congress of two years ago to repeal or to annul the national election laws, with the traditional Democratic hostility to a registry, and Southern Democratic fraud and violence at the polls, have fixed in the national mind a deep distrust of the Democratic party as false to the fundamental condition of a peaceful republic, an honest vote freely cast and fairly counted. Mr. Davenport's work is not only singularly interesting, but it will be of very great public service.

THE QUARANTINE INVESTIGATION.

A loud and truculent protest against investigation should confirm the determination to investigate. This is one of the reasons that the investigation of the management of the Quarantine in New York should be thorough and satisfactory. The mere fact that the physician in chief receives a large sum is not suspicious. The position is one of such risks, and requires such a total sacrifice of a professional career, that a person competent to fill it must be expected to require a large emolument.

But there is reason even in this. There may be, and there is alleged to be, wasteful extravagance in the cost of Quarantine, and a wanton preying upon merchants. There are other stories to which we will give no vogue by repeating them, and which will naturally make the head of the Quarantine desirous that the whole truth shall be told. There are obviously great opportunities for abuse in such an institution, and there may be abuses which are unsuspected even by the head.

It is always wise, also, in the details of the management of public affairs to turn on the light, that the public, which pays, may understand precisely what becomes of the money. The investigation can do no harm, and it is worth a moderate expense to learn that there is no waste of money at the Quarantine.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

We observe with regret that *Dwight's Journal of Music* is to be suspended. It has been published for more than a quarter of a century, and has been constantly at the head of musical journalism. Indeed, Mr. John S. Dwight will be remembered as the first of musical critics of the highest character in this country. His lectures upon the great composers in Boston forty years ago set the key for the general American appreciation of Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven, and all the years and all the great performances of the works of those composers since that time have but confirmed Mr. Dwight's judgments.

In his journal he has always maintained the highest and severest standard. Indeed, it has been sometimes urged that with the lapse of time his taste demanded the dryer and dryer strain, and that Bach was almost too melodious and popular. But these were only the harmless jests of respect for an unswerving loyalty to the best and an unsparing antipathy to all charlatanry in music. Although the journal stops, its influence will be always felt. It has done its work in developing a popular taste for the noblest productions of a great art, and the name of John Sullivan Dwight will be honorably and indissolubly associated with the history of music in this country.

LECKY ON CARLYLE.

Mr. Lecky has had his word in the Carlyle controversy, and a weighty word it is. He thinks that Carlyle is to be judged by the thirty-five excellent volumes that he published, and not by a book which he did not publish, which was written when he was very old and profoundly distressed, and which, in its present form, he would certainly never have published. Mr. Lecky admits that the book contains some harsh and inconsiderate judgments, some evidence of an imbittered mind, and some inaccurate recollections. But he concludes—and his conclusion will be doubtless that of the sober public mind—as follows:

> "It is surely, however, now time that the public should take a saner view of the matter, and should remember that the *Reminiscences* are not Carlyle's main contribution to literature, or his chief title to fame. Whatever diversity of opinion there may be about some parts of his teaching, there can be no reasonable doubt that he has been one of the three or four greatest men of letters of the reign of Victoria; that during a singularly honorable and laborious literary life, extending over half a century, he has been one of the great 'seminal intellects,' and perhaps the strongest moral force in English literature; and that if memorials are ever to be raised to great writers, he has a title to that honor which very few of his contemporaries can equal, and which none of them can surpass. It would be a strange proof of the levity or ingratitude of his readers if there should be any difficulty in raising the sum which is required."

CONSUL-GENERAL MERRITT.

Mr. Merritt leaves the Custom-house to assume the duties of his post at London, and he departs amid general respect and good-will. He had had much experience in official life when he came to the highest place in the customs service, and his able discharge of every public duty intrusted to him had been marked with perfect honesty and fidelity. His position in the Custom-house has been one of peculiar difficulty. Selected by President Hayes to supersede Collector Arthur, his appointment was the signal of a malignant and prolonged attack upon the Administration, and his confirmation was resisted with every device of delay and desperate appeal. The defeat of his opponents was also a vital blow at the usurpation known as the courtesy of the Senate, by which the appointment of Collector is made the perquisite of the Senators from the State.

The appointment was by no means acceptable to many who were opposed to the Senatorial usurpation. This, of course, exposed the Collector to jealous scrutiny. The President, also, desired him to institute a reform of the methods of minor appointment by introducing competition. But Mr. Merritt, accepting the traditions of appointment, and with a keen and active interest in politics, undoubtedly felt not only that his official power was unexpectedly limited, but that the interests of the Administration party in the State were endangered. With perfect loyalty, however, he instantly addressed himself to conform to the desire of the President, and, under the superintendence of the Naval Officer, he began the series of examinations which have conclusively demonstrated the practicability of competition for appointment, and its value in selecting most efficient officers for the service. The rules adopted did not embrace the entire service, and great—as we think, too great—latitude was left for discretionary appointments. Yet when at the very end of the Hayes administration an attempt was made to discredit the President and the Collector by requiring a detailed report of the facts relating to appointment at the Custom-house, the report completely established the fidelity of Collector Merritt to the instructions of the President, and the effort to discredit them signally failed. In his discretionary action the Collector was undoubtedly influenced by political motives, and in establishing competition he was following the desire of the Chief Executive, not the dictate of his own judgment. But his conduct throughout was marked by entire good faith, and the results have probably almost persuaded him.

Meanwhile the general conduct of the business of the Custom-house has been most satisfactory. The actual rate of expense in collection has been reduced, and the character of the service has greatly risen. The doubt and opposition among some of his party friends have long since vanished. There has been no Collector since the Republican party came into power twenty years ago more generally acceptable than Mr. Merritt. Of an honest and sturdy nature, of urbane and simple manners, with a high sense of duty, in all his tastes and ways and abilities American to the core, he will take with him to his new sphere the hearty regard of his old friends, and he will commend himself to that of hosts of new ones.

PERSONAL.

The New York *Sun* has a paragraph, presumably written by Mr. Dana, which says that the late Secretary Stanton was not, as had been intimated by the Chicago *Tribune*, the author of the "On to Richmond" editorials published in the New York *Tribune* during the rebellion, but that most of them were written by the late General Fitz-Henry Warren.

—A new portrait of Thackeray is to be painted for the London Reform Club, and placed in the hall of the club, near the portrait of Lord Macaulay. The only good portraits hitherto made of Thackeray were done by himself.

—Mr. George I. Seney has just made another gift of $100,000 to Wesleyan University, the interest to be applied as prizes to students in competition in various studies. This makes $200,000 that Mr. Seney has given to that institution.

—Captain Charles P. Smith, whose funeral took place at Roslyn, Long Island, on the 26th ult., will long be remembered for his heroic conduct when in command of the steamer *Seawanhaka*, which was burned near Ward's Island on the 28th of June, 1880. There were on board of the steamer at the time many gentlemen and ladies of this city, among them several ladies of Mayor Grace's family, Mr. Charles A. Dana, Mr. Samuel L. M. Barlow, Mr. John W. Harper, and Miss Mabel Harper. In the funeral sermon, delivered by the Rev. Mr. Payson, the incidents of the disaster were briefly alluded to, and the three qualities that were conspicuous in Captain Smith's character were deservedly commended; these were his courage, unselfishness, and humility. He had displayed in a very marked manner that faithful discharge of the common duties of life which is the best preparation for heroic actions. As an evidence of the captain's unselfishness, Mr. Payson related that one day, while the captain was yet convalescent of his injuries, he asked what his thoughts were while the flames surrounded him—whether the thought that his life was in danger had occurred to him. The captain replied: "I did not think of myself at all. My object, and my only object, was to save those people." At the close of Mr. Payson's sermon, Mr. Brodners also delivered a brief eulogy on the deceased, which he began by saying that "Roslyn has of late years been in the habit of burying heroes—first, a hero of arms (General Abercrombie); next, a hero of poetry, letters, and intellectual culture; and lastly, a hero of the faithful performance of duty."

—Anton Rubinstein made $40,000 net during his recent eight weeks' engagement in London; and then he sent an ivory baton, inlaid with silver, to Signor Bergavani, who had led his opera in London and Moscow.

—Among the men in New Orleans who are spoken of as millionaires are Mr. Edward Richardson, who is rated at $8,000,000, and is the wealthiest cotton planter in the world; Mr. E. J. Gay, planter and sugar refiner, $4,000,000; and Messrs. D. H. Holmes, Leon Godchaux, E. J. Hart, and R. T. Buckner are mentioned at $1,000,000.

—The funeral services of Dean Stanley were amongst the most memorable that have for many years been witnessed in Westminster Abbey. It was the first time during the present century, if not in the last three or four centuries, that two princes of the Roman Church were present at such a ceremonial. And what added to the interest of the occasion was that Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman were former members of the Church of England, and as such had been heard in the Abbey. They were also old personal friends of the Dean. Royalty also came to do honor to the dead, the Prince of Wales representing the Queen, who sent a wreath of roses, and a note in her own handwriting, bearing the words, "A mark of sincere affection and high esteem from Victoria." Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, was present by special invitation.

—The fund left by the late Mrs. Williams, of Norwich, Connecticut, for the building and endowing of a school for young ladies in New London, is now valued at $100,000 in personal property, and $25,000 in real estate, besides the site, which is worth $10,000.

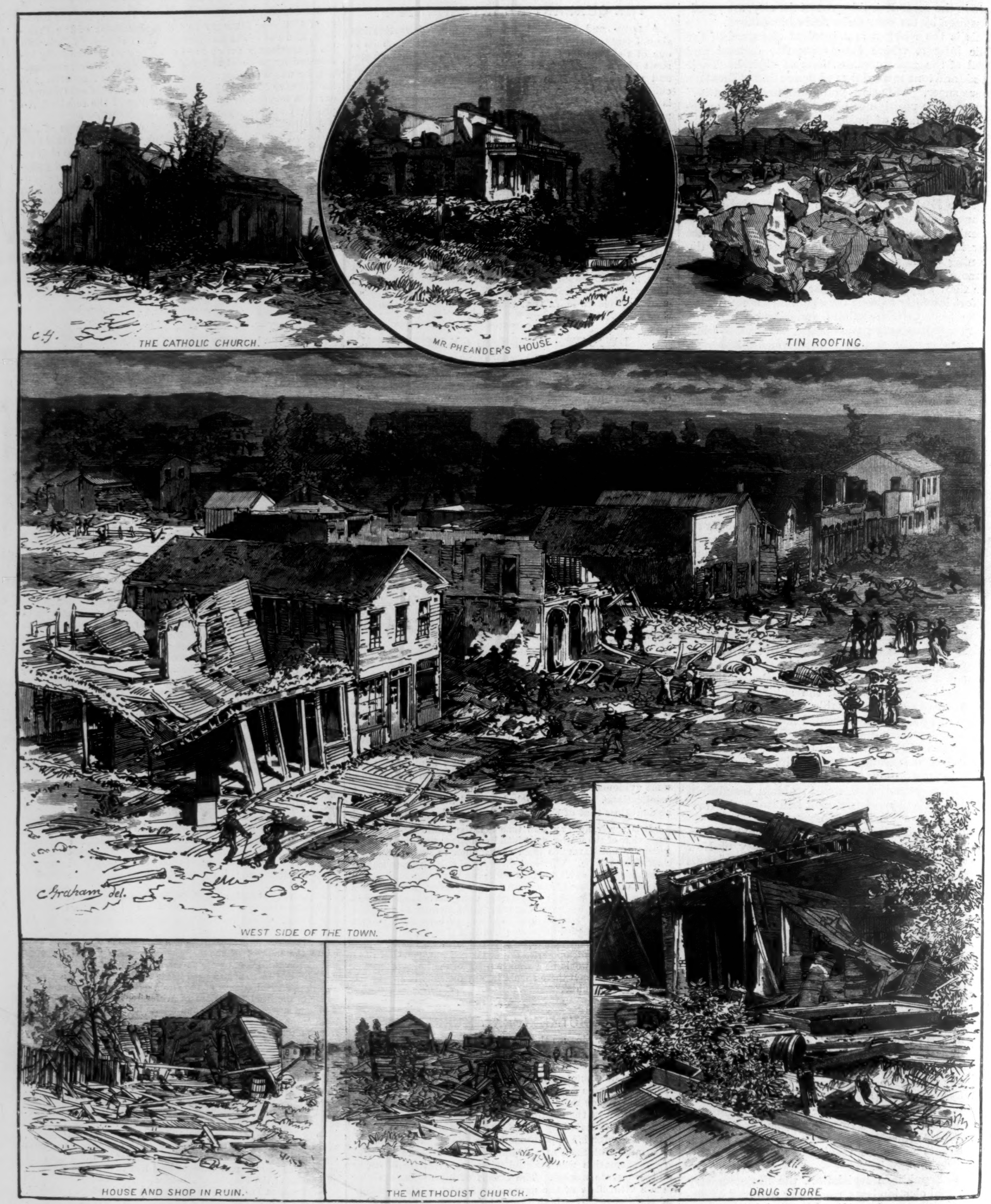
—Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, who purchased the Washington and Dinwiddie papers at a recent sale in London, has presented them to the Virginia Historical Society.

—Mr. Tsu Soon Kee, of the Chinese legation at Washington, who has just returned to China, came to this country three years ago entirely ignorant of the English language. Since then his aptitude and proficiency have enabled him to make an excellent translation of the *Treaties of America with all Nations.*

—Sojourner Truth, who is now one hundred and six years old, on receiving recently a present of a silk dress from England, expressed a hope that she might continue a sojourner here below long enough to wear it out; and elderly women are very painstaking in looking carefully after their silken apparel.

—Alexander H. Stephens, notwithstanding the feeble condition of his body, is actively engaged on another work on the war, and keeps employed several clerks and stenographers, who decline to be interviewed as to its precise character.

—Dr. Agnew, the distinguished Philadelphia surgeon, who has been twice summoned to Washington to see the President, appears in a very amiable and thoroughly professional light in a recent telegram from Washington to the Philadelphia *Times*, which says: "Dr. Agnew was requested to remain yesterday, but that he declined because of patients requiring his attention in Philadelphia. One of the resident physicians asked what kind of patients they were, and the eminent surgeon replied that one was a laborer at the ship-yard, who had a badly fractured skull, and the other one of the same character, who was suffering from a wound in the abdomen. These were particular cases, and he thought he might be able to save their lives by his presence. When it was urged that the President's life was more valuable, he remarked that the President was attended by skillful surgeons, abundantly able to cope with any emergency, while these poor men had nobody. Human life was human life, and his presence was actually necessary in Philadelphia at this time."



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. MR. PHEANDER'S HOUSE. TIN ROOFING.

WEST SIDE OF THE TOWN.

HOUSE AND SHOP IN RUIN. THE METHODIST CHURCH. DRUG STORE

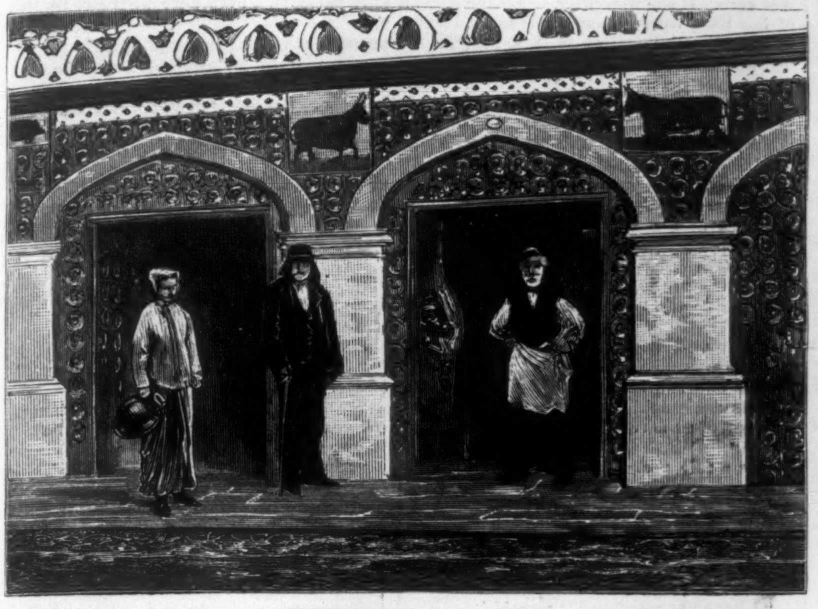
DESTROYED BY A CYCLONE.—From Photographs by Everitt.

THE CYCLONE AT NEW ULM.

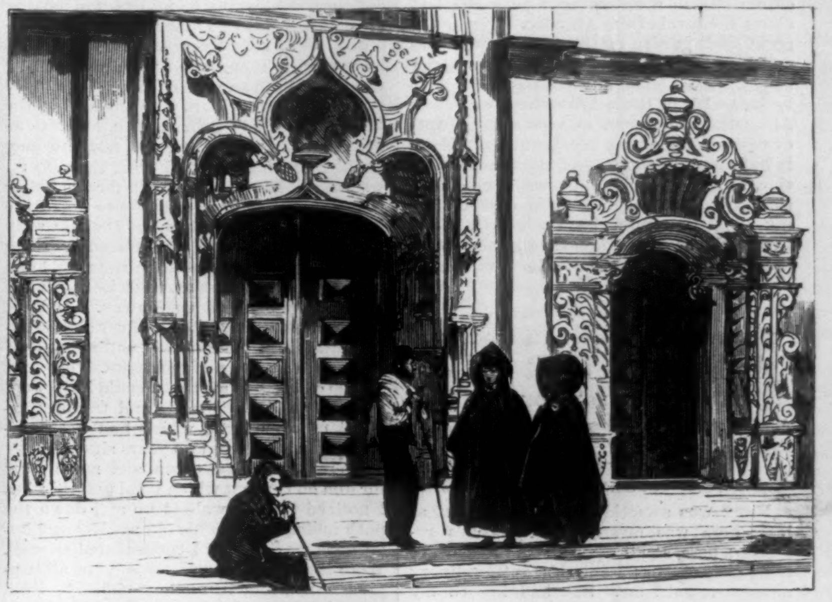
These pictures, engraved from photographs taken immediately after the disaster, show in the most graphic manner the devastation caused by the recent cyclone at New Ulm, Minnesota. Previous to this disaster, New Ulm was a thriving and enterprising town. It was settled by Germans, as the name indicates, in 1855. The most important incident in its early history was its destruction during the fearful Indian massacres of 1862. The battle between the red men and the whites lasted three days, and ended in the defeat of the former. The inhabitants then evacuated the town, and made their escape to St. Peter. Most of them afterward returned, and from that time to the present the town has had a steady, healthy growth.

The cyclone which has laid New Ulm again in ruins took place on Friday, July 15, about half past four in the afternoon. According to the reports of several witnesses, two tornadoes met directly over the town, and the work of destruction was accomplished in an incredibly short space of time. The course of the cyclone could be distinctly discerned, and seemed to be moving in separate volumes from the north and south. At half past four o'clock black clouds began to gather with great rapidity. The thunder and lightning were terrific, and the wind blew a hurricane, while the rain descended in sheets. There was a moment's lull, and then the cyclone struck the town. At the end of ten minutes it disappeared as suddenly as it came. An eye-witness says: "Its effects are almost indescribable. Some business houses were struck by lightning; others were lifted bodily by the violence of the wind, and levelled with the earth; others, again, were demolished by the flying débris from other buildings. Scores of dwellings and stores were entirely destroyed. Very few escaped uninjured, but many had their roofs blown off, or were so badly unjointed by the wind that they will have to be pulled down and rebuilt."

More than a hundred buildings were utterly demolished by this terrific cyclone, besides those that were more or less seriously injured. Four persons were killed, and nearly thirty wounded, some of them very severely. People who were out on the streets at the time were literally blown away, and numbers were wounded by flying débris. Whole sections of tin roofing were sent sailing through the air by the fury of the storm, and twisted like paper, as may be seen in one of our illustrations. The ruins of Mr. Pheander's substantial house show the force of the wind. As soon as the first shock was over, the citizens rallied, and vied with each other in their attentions to the wounded. Subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers were raised, and everything possible was done to make them comfortable.



BUTCHER'S SHOP, ST. MICHAEL.

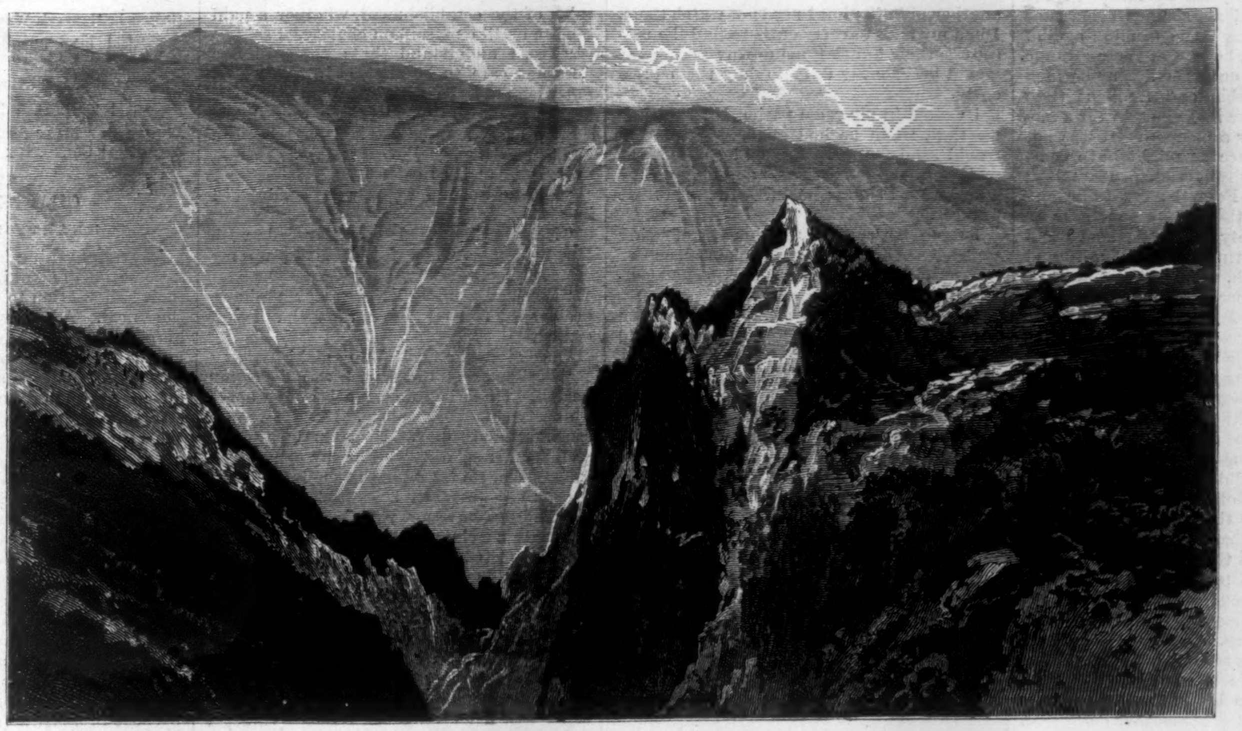


MATRIZ CHURCH, PONTA DELGADA, ST. MICHAEL.

THE AZORES.

To people who spend their summer in search of the picturesque, and whose experience of Norway and Lapland has taught them how to rough it, we say, Try the Azores. The scenery of the islands is everywhere striking and picturesque. To the naturalist they are especially interesting from their isolation and the extraordinary evidence of intense volcanic action which they exhibit.

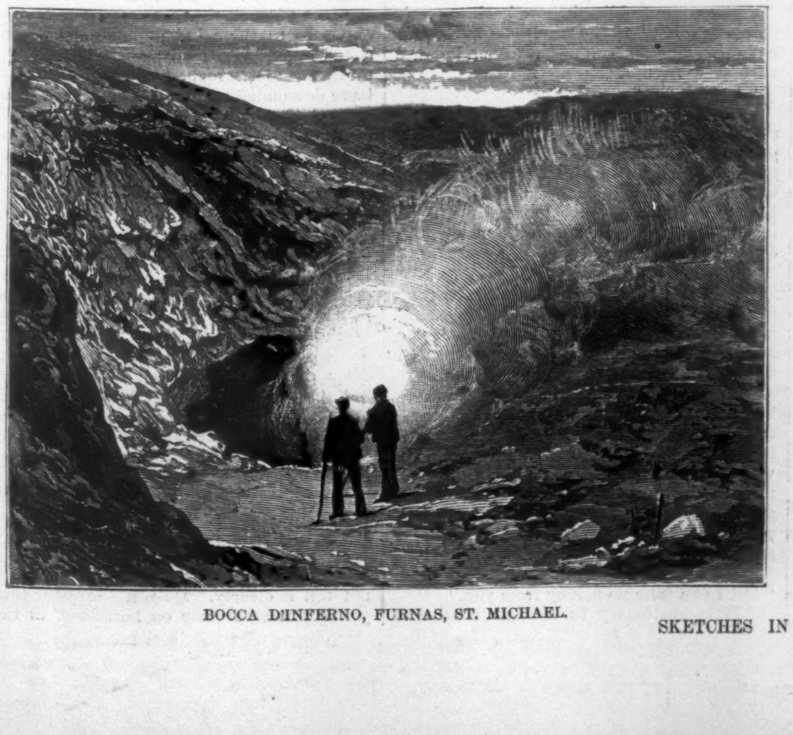
The islands are nine in number, and geographically are divisible into three groups: the eastern group, comprises St. Mary and St. Michael; the central, Terceira, Graciosa, St. George, Pico, and Fayal; whilst the most westerly contains the little lonely islands of Flores and Corvo. The Azores belong to Portugal, and form a province of that kingdom; but although the people call themselves Portuguese, they differ in many respects from their continental brethren. They are a hardy, simple, unsophisticated folk, good-natured and hospitable, and intensely fond of their island homes. The islands are all very small; the largest of them, St. Michael, is only about thirty miles long by from seven to ten miles in width; but, small as they are, they manage to support a contented population of upward of a quarter of a million. The density of population, indeed, is even greater than that of Belgium. Their trade is mainly with Lisbon and England; their exports consist principally of grain and fruit, more especially oranges and pine-apples. Fayal and Pico ship a certain amount of a rough and not overpalatable wine, much of which finds its way into the cheaper forms of London sherry.



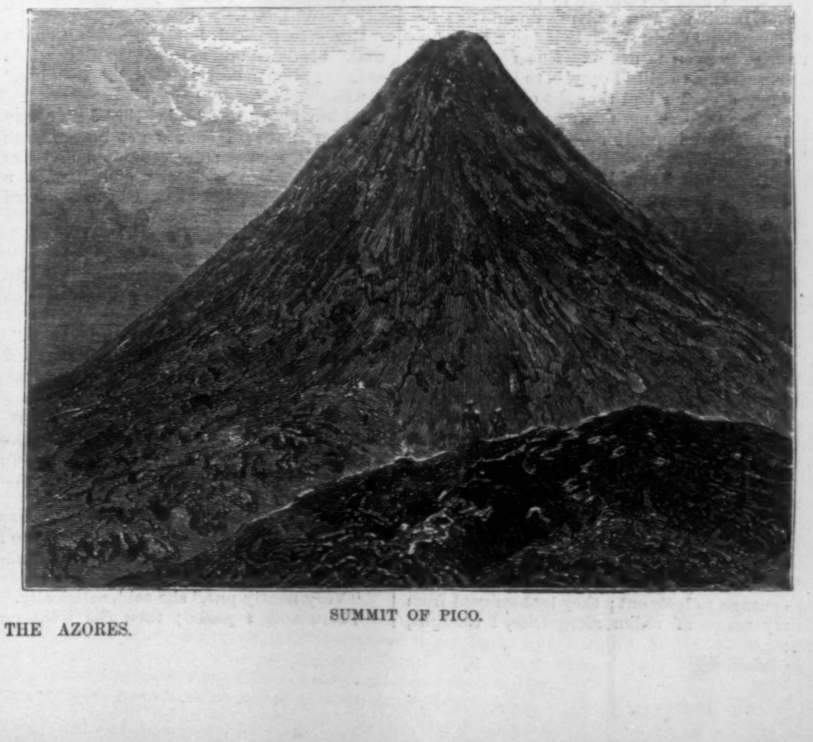
GROTTO D'ECHO, FURNAS, ST. MICHAEL.

Ponta Delgada, the chief town of St. Michael, is the largest town in the group, and has a population of about 20,000; it can boast of a theatre and numerous convents and churches; the marble front of the Matriz Church is rather quaint. The costumes of some of the islanders are characteristic, and readers of the *Innocents Abroad* will recall Mr. Mark Twain's astonishment at the sight of the enormous *capotes* of the Fayalese ladies. The men of St. Michael wear a most remarkable piece of head-gear termed a *carapuga*. It is shaped somewhat like a huntsman cap, but has an enormous projecting brim in front and a long pendent cloak behind. The grandest scenery in St. Michael is to be found at the east and west ends of the island. At the east end is the district of the Furnas. Situated within a huge volcanic basin here are a number of boiling springs and geysers, and a beautiful lake backed by a magnificent peak of obsidian. The little village of the Furnas is the favorite summer retreat of the Azoreans, who congregate here in good numbers during July and August for the sake of the iron-sulphur baths, which are held in great repute.

At the other end of the island is a still more wonderful crater, which, for some unintelligible reason, rejoices in the name of the Sete Cidaeles, or Seven Cities. It is upward of ten miles in circumference, and at the bottom are two lakes and a small village. The view of this crater and of the lakes, as seen through a narrow gorge near the upper edge of the basin, is one of the most striking bits of the picturesque in the islands. Scarcely less grand is the Caldeira of Fayal. This crater is upward of 1700 feet deep, and is almost circular in shape. Separated from Fayal by



BOCCA D'INFERNO, FURNAS, ST. MICHAEL.



SUMMIT OF PICO.

SKETCHES IN THE AZORES.

a narrow channel is the island of Pico, which culminates in a magnificent peak 800 feet above the level of the Atlantic. Pico is the great fruit garden of the Azores, and vines and fig-trees straggle all over its stony slopes. Some very fine rock scenery is to be met with in the neighborhood of Vellas. Altogether the Azores may be strongly recommended for a long vacation trip. There is not much in the way of inn accommodation in any of the islands, with the exception of St. Michael and Fayal, and the living is rather rough, but the good air and the bright sunshine, joined to good temper, sound digestion, and a little tact, will insure a delightful tour.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1284., Vol. XXV.]

A FIGHT FOR HIM.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "COWARD CONSCIENCE," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," "POOR HUMANITY," ETC.

III.—"CONSCIENCE MONEY?"

HERE was something to think about at last; here was mystery and perhaps romance; here, at all events, was the clew, to my mind, of Miss Forsyth's extraordinary manner toward me. She had known my story all along. It had been no chance series of questions, no idle curiosity, then, but part and parcel of some plan in which *he* was also concerned, that had led to this talk of my dead love, of my poor, weak, dead lover. It had been "arranged" between them, I thought, indignantly, but for what reason, or with what possible good, was beyond conjecture. The story was finished; it was all over; we had said good-by forever, Luke and I: why should his shadow come thus between me and my peace of mind again? Might it, after all, be one of those strange chances which do occur in life, and which are more remarkable and frequent than skeptics will believe? I thought for a moment—but only for a moment. It was not possible. By chance he might have come to Seacliffe; by a stranger chance he might have known Miss Forsyth; but there had been no chance in the lady's questioning of me, or in her anxiety to know whom I had loved once upon a time, and the length and breadth and depth, too, of that affection. No, it was no chance. Lydia Forsyth had known of my past engagement to Luke Macfarlane, and by what means? Only by one means could the information have been imparted to her—by Luke Macfarlane himself. For what reason was not clear to me, groping in the darkness of my new and confused thoughts; but it was evident that he had told her, and she had followed me to Seacliffe. What did it all mean? What were those two plotting? What possible reason could place their minds in conjunction to work together against the peace of my own? I don't think I had been a suspicious woman up to this time of my life, but I was suspicious now. Miss Forsyth obtained her information from Luke—she must have done so, surely. I had never spoken to a living soul about him and me, and of the love we had imagined to exist between us before his mother parted us; and he had respected his mother more than me—ever so much more. I had given him up for good, and gone out into the world with a still tongue and a bruised heart; it was he who had babbled forth his version of the story, and this was the result.

I felt humiliated and aggrieved. I thought he might have kept as silent as myself, and that for my sake it was his duty. I had never doubted his honor until now: of his firmness and his power to resist calumny and trouble I had had my doubts; at his constancy I could afford to laugh a little bitterly, Heaven is aware. But for Luke to tell all this to Miss Forsyth, to let *her* know what a deal I had thought of him, and to set her here as my mistress, as a spy, as a tyrant and inquisitor—was it possible in this man?

Even now I could scarcely believe it—I could not understand the motive. It became more impossible in theory, the more I brooded over it. There was another solution to the enigma, which I had not discovered. It became necessary to seek the right interpretation; in justice to myself, in my own defense, I had a right to know it.

I tore up the letter I had begun to indite; my plans were all changed; the thought of leaving Seacliffe was set aside at once; the resolution to submit to all the taunts and caprices of Miss Forsyth was again fixed in my mind, but this time for a reason lying far apart from any sympathy with her. I was on guard, and the truth of it all was to be discovered, if possible. From the window of my room I could see the seat where I had left Lydia Forsyth, but I was no witness to her meeting with Captain Macfarlane. They had met before I had had the courage to look out; they had strayed from my range of vision altogether, I thought, until presently they passed before me in the distance, she leaning on his arm and looking up into his face. They were talking earnestly, and walking very slowly—one might have fancied them lovers from my point of view, and I did so very readily.

It was a sorry fancy to me—after the two long years of grim silence, too, following a parting forever. I was resigned long ago. I had been certain until that day; I was sure it had been so much for the better that we should say good-by—so much the better for him! If I had not thought so in my heart when I had first declared it, giving him his chance of separation from me, I had learned to think so since, when he had taken me at my word and gone away. And yet my heart was throbbing painfully and quickly again, and the figure in the distance had conjured up a heap of memories. The past was so close upon me that I could have wept as over yesterday's trials and troubles, instead of over those which had been surmounted more than two years since.

Presently she sat down, and made room for him on the seat which I had quitted; but I noticed that he walked up and down the path instead, and in his old restless and impetuous way, which I remembered so well. Were they quarrelling?—was it not all happiness with him in his new choice? I did not think it could be, knowing her and him. Certainly she was very rich, I thought, sarcastically; and gold covers a multitude of imperfections, as charity covers sins. He had loved me once, when it was reported that my father was a rich man, when—And then I went back from the window, resolved to look no more, and to play the unworthy part of spy no longer on them.

They had played the spy on me, one or another, or both; but I need not watch them. I had my task to carry out—to find the reason for their hunting me down; perhaps it would become my duty to defy them presently.

I waited in my room patiently; it struck me that, when he had gone, Miss Forsyth would send for me. From him she might receive fresh instructions, and being on my guard now, I should be quick to guess their purport.

I was not wrong in my thought of being sent for. After an hour had elapsed, one of the servants of the institution knocked gently on the panels of my door.

"Miss Forsyth wishes to see you as soon as you are disengaged, Miss Douglas," said the voice without in response to my inquiry.

"I will be down directly," I answered.

I descended a moment or two afterward, and entered Miss Forsyth's room, in, I think, my usual self-possessed way. It had been an effort, but I was very calm. Miss Forsyth was not self-possessed, and not on guard, perhaps, and so a bad judge of my deportment. She looked weary and agitated, and there were two ominous spots of red upon her cheeks. She did not regard me very amiably as I came into the room, and stood before the chair in which she reclined, half prostrate.

"Where have you been all this while?" she asked, peevishly, even suspiciously, or I was mistaken in the look in her dark eyes.

"In my room," I answered, quietly.

"I thought you remained in the grounds after our little dispute," she added.

"No, Miss Forsyth," I replied; "I went straight into the house."

"I was a little hasty, and too curious," she went on, very softly now, "and you will not think anything more of what I said, I hope?"

"I will try not," was my answer.

"You don't bear me any malice, Douglas?"

"No, madam. I accept your apology very willingly," I said.

Her face flushed, but she said: "That's well. Sit down and help me with my wools—I am going to be very busy this evening."

"Indeed?"

"I have been told to-day that I give way too much; that I should get better more quickly if I were more composed and less hysterical. You see," she added, with a strange forced smile, "I have been reproved and worried as well as you."

"Indeed?" I said again, for want of a better reply at the moment.

"I wish you would not keep saying 'Indeed,'" she added, fretfully. "Have you not forgotten all my hasty words yet?"

"I will try and think of them no more."

"And you don't bear me any malice, I ask again?"

"Certainly not."

"I have been lectured to-day very severely," she continued, "and perhaps it has done me good, and taught me humility. I suppose it has struck you that I am, at times, a very disagreeable woman?"

"Now and then," I confessed, "it has crossed my mind, Miss Forsyth, that you might be more agreeable to others with advantage to yourself."

"Very neatly put," she said, satirically.

There was a pause; then she went on again, with her watchful eyes upon me, I was sure. If she were waiting for the effect of her next words upon her listener, I had at least the satisfaction to balk her; for I was strong now, and quite prepared.

"Certainly the gentleman who lectured me had a right to school me," she said, "as presently I may take his name, and share the remainder of my life with him."

"Indeed?" I said, for the third time, and Miss Forsyth stamped her foot, and looked for an instant disposed to throw her basket of wools at me for my stereotyped reply. My mild surprise was aggravating, though I had no intention of annoying her. I was only acting my part of an ordinary listener.

"Yes, indeed! You did not know I was engaged?"

"I certainly had not the slightest idea of it," was my reply.

"No one has told you? And yet these reports are quickly and even mysteriously circulated, as a rule," she said; "are they not?"

"As a rule, yes. But then there are not many members of this institution likely to be acquainted with the facts of your life, I should think," I replied.

"Not many. But some people are curious, and try hard to know everything. Mrs. Selcombe is curious," she added.

"I have not remarked it myself."

"Ah, then I have," she answered, sharply. "Directly my friend had gone, Mrs. Selcombe wanted to know who he was, and would have been glad to learn what particular business had brought him to the Home. As if I were compelled to tell her—as if I am here to submit to her orders and caprices like the rest of you."

"You are required to subscribe to the rules of the establishment, whether a paid inmate or, like myself, on charity," I said.

"Yes, I understand that; but still one does not care to be criticised. He would not wish me to be criticised, I am sure," she added, thoughtfully. "If you only knew what a hasty man he was! I have been in a false position here, he says; it was against everybody's wish I came."

"Did he not know you were coming?" I inquired.

"Nobody knew. I corresponded with Mrs. Selcombe, when I had made up my mind, that was all."

"You had some especial reason, perhaps, besides the recovery of your health?" I suggested.

Once more she flushed up quickly.

"Perhaps so. But I wish to recover my health. I had heard so much of the benefits derived from this place. It was strongly recommended to me. I was anxious to get well for his sake as well as my own. You understand that, Douglas?" she inquired.

"Oh yes—perfectly."

"And *you* have got well," she continued; "you are a living example of what miracles can be effected by the Seacliffe air. For you came here worse than myself."

"How did you know that, Miss Forsyth?"

"Mrs. Selcombe has told me," she replied, "that she thought you would not recover speedily—if at all."

She had had the same idea of me, then, as of Miss Forsyth.

"I was not strong when I first came," I said.

"But now you are quite well?"

"Almost."

"You *are* quite well," she said; "I see no signs of illness in you. I think," she added, "it is your duty even to make room for those who are waiting eagerly for vacancies."

"I have thought of that," I replied; "but Mrs. Selcombe presses me to remain another week or two."

"You are not obliged to go back to work yet," she said; "to the wholesale house you have told me of. You might take a holiday with some friends."

"I think not."

"Oh, it shall not be a question of money," she said, quickly. "You have been very good to me, and I have a right to show my gratitude, and prove that I was not so unkind as you imagined. You are poor, and I am rich—I don't know what to do with my money—and you must not stop my wish to be of help to you in any way."

"I don't understand, Miss Forsyth. I—"

"I want you to accept, as a favor from me, if you will—say a hundred pounds. If it is not enough for you to go abroad for a long holiday, say so, but don't return to that hateful business again," she said.

Yes, Mrs. Selcombe was right. This lady had a great interest in me, and was disposed to be generous; and yet I was not grateful in my heart toward her. The generosity was too suddenly exhibited; the interest in me was hardly real, and only the anxiety to get me from the Home was strikingly apparent. To get me away at any price, it seemed.

"Thank you, Miss Forsyth," I replied, "but I can take no money from you."

"It is customary to reward those who have shown attention or sympathy to the lady patients. I am only a little extra liberal," she said, "and you must not be too proud to stand in your own light."

"I can take no money. I shall be glad to get work again," I replied, "and I shall go straight to the old business when I am strong enough."

"It will be very rash of you."

"And I shall not leave here for a week or fortnight longer," I said, watching her now in my turn. "You shall not accuse me of acting rashly, Miss Forsyth. I will be extremely careful."

"Very well. Do as you please," she murmured, faintly, "but don't worry me any more to-day. I shall be glad if you will leave me."

She had turned very pale.

"Shall I—" I began, when she interrupted me.

"No, no; I don't want any assistance," she cried, hastily. "I only want to be left to myself till to-morrow."

"Very well, Miss Forsyth," I replied.

I bade her good-night, and went away. I felt that I had won a victory, but in what way I could hardly guess. Doubtless Luke Macfarlane and she had just planned this together, and without a doubt I had foiled them. I would not give in to them, or what they wished me to do, and the thought of offering me money made my cheeks tingle, and set my heart aflame. I might be an object of charity, but not of the charity of those two. I would prefer to starve rather than be indebted to them, or follow any wish of theirs conveyed in so secret and miserable a fashion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HEARTY KINDNESS.

IF ever anything has been proved to the satisfaction of mankind, it would seem to be their assimilation to the substance wherein they deal. A man who desires to improve his character or confirm his principles (when he finds them beginning to be honest) must strictly withold his steps from many paths of life that should be straight, but only run straightway down hill. Why are the greatest statesmen of the age far beyond credence of the most credulous? Because they have so long handled liars that they follow their turns, and fall into them. Why is the most eminent British general inclined to quake when returning thanks on behalf of our noble army? Not because he ever felt fear himself, but from handling so many short-service soldiers, fugitive as a cheap French jelly.

On the other hand, to deal in good stiff stuff sets a man up, and puts core into him. A man who sells wire netting, when requested to quote lowest prices, at wholesale rate, by post to-morrow (after a long interview, and a half inclination to come down), stiffens up again, and writes: "Dear Sir,—We are sorry to have quoted our price too low. Upon examination of our books we find"—something that rose in his conscience only. Whereas a good dealer in soft woollen nets can scarcely refuse any reasonable offer.

Throughout the years which Mr. Caleb Tucker had spent in honest business, the timber chiefly in demand was oak. For every sort of work that was meant to last, in exposure to the wind and rain, people insisted upon having oak; and the blessings of free trade (which, like those of Isaac, have descended upon the wrong head hitherto) had not yet filled our walls with cracks, and our inner parts with quaking. This power of material had helped to consolidate Mr. Tucker's character, so that he could read the most important letters without losing half a mouthful of his breakfast.

"Dear Uncle Caleb," said the one upon the table, "mother and I want—oh, so badly!—to be home again with you. There are no cob-walls here, and no flowers, unless you pay a lot of money for them; and a little cracked cabbage you would take to the pigsty costs twopence-halfpenny and impudence too. There are plenty of nice people, but they live so far apart that you may go miles without seeing them, and even then they have no time to spare."

"What a number of complaints—poor little Mary!" Uncle Caleb muttered, at the bottom of three pages. "Well, it will teach them to enjoy their home. Halloa! What is this? I must read slowly."

"We have come across a thing that you ought to know, and I am afraid that I can not tell it clearly. Do you remember that gentleman who came on horseback in the spring, and behaved so badly? You were quite upset by his bad manners, because you would not answer all his crooked questions. You doubted very much whether he had given his right name; and you talked about going to the gentleman on Dartmoor, but old Jerry fell so lame that you could not do it, and you said that you did not like to write about it. It seems that his name was right enough, and better than his nature, as we say. We met him on the streets about a week ago, and found out where he lives, and all about him. He seems to be a steward, or agent, or whatever it is, to a wealthy nobleman, who has a great house, all walled in, almost like a country place. And he is a very strange man, they say, and may go off at any time. Uncle Snacks knows a great deal about him, because of his being in the railway line, and this lord will not let them come through a field of his without fighting for it. He seems to have no one to care about him, except the servants, and it makes him fret; for he lost his grandson a little while ago, a fine boy, but he caught the small-pox. And not so very long ago he had lost his son, the father of his grandson; and they say that he has another son somewhere, who disgraced himself shockingly back in the war-time, and never could get on with his father. But now Mr. Gaston tends the whole of his concerns, they say, and he is accounted unusual honest, although they live like cats and dogs, for his lordship has a temper, and so has Mr. G. Uncle Snacks told me to write all this, and mother says no lawyer could have done it better."

"Neither he could," said Mr. Tucker, going to the fire for some more hot fried potatoes; "though it requireth to be read again, to know which is which of all them 'hes.' 'Tis late in life for me to meddle with the concerns of other folk, however. But here comes different sign-manual to the foot of it. Must have my thick specs; they new ones is like shop fronts."

With the help of his thick horn spectacles, which he was not allowed to wear on Sundays—and this was a Sunday, as his breakfast proved, for he had sausages with his fried potatoes—the dealer in oak of former days made out the thin scrawl of the jobber in shares, whose hand he had never seen before.

"Dear Sir,—If convenient, you should come up. Mary says that you know all about things going on, I won't say where. Robbery, which might be regretted when too late, and worse things to come afterward. With best respects, yours faithfully, John Snacks."

"Well, I did intend to go to church; and I will go to church, because I hear the bells," Mr. Tucker thought, slowly, and with memories of childhood. "The best ideas always come in church, because they have no business."

He did as he had said, and came to this conclusion, that his duty by no means required him to go to London upon other people's business, but that it might be a matter to repent of if neglected altogether. Old Jerry (the only horse he owned at present), although getting better, was scarcely fit to climb stony places with a tender feeling; and his master, after looking at him in the afternoon, resolved to take the chariot of Pugsley toward the heights of Christowell. Pugsley had no right to carry passengers for hire, and no one must go over Exe Bridge with him, unless it were a child of tender years, such as Rose Arthur used to be. But if Master Timothy discovered on the road a respectable wayfarer, looking weary, his manner was to ask him whether he would ride, in a social rather than commercial spirit, though it tended by-and-by perhaps toward half a crown.

The carrier and the timber merchant knew one another on the road of old, and cherished mutual respect. And Mr. Arthur, from time to time, had sent a present of fruit, or flowers, or honey, to his city friend by good care of Pugsley. Therefore, after long discourse, and easy turns of summer lanes, Mr. Tucker was set down within a mile of Larks's Cot, in the early afternoon. Timothy would have gone further with him, but the old gentleman's legs were good, and as there was nothing in the cart for the Captain, he would not work the old horse on. How to get home was another question, but he was sure of hospitality.

"Why, what a lovely place it is!" Mr. Tucker could not help exclaiming, as he crossed the little meadow, and descried the cottage, nestled in with fruitful trees, and plumed with roses and honeysuckles. "It was not like this when I bought it for him, but looked all bleak and shivering. All the work of his own hands. Ah, that is the way to fence the world out. I wonder if they will let me in. Pugsley told me to pull this wire."

He pulled the wire, and a bell that hung outside the porch made answer; and presently Moggy, the maid, came out, with an apron over her head, because she had curled her hair on Sunday; and after a parley in broad dialect, she went to look for her master, up the stream. In a very short time Mr. Tucker was resting in the pleasant bower by the brook, while the Captain was opening a bottle of cider, and Rose was gone to the house to speed the prospects of an early dinner.

"I am heartily glad to see you once more in the place that owes everything to you," Mr. Arthur said, as he filled a long bright glass with brighter liquid. "You see that I am quite a native now, and trying to advance upon the native ways. Tell me what you think of that. A perfect cure for gout and rheumatism. How many kinds of apples are there in it?"

"Well, perhaps twenty, or there might be fifty," Mr. Tucker replied, with the fresh color flowing into his cheeks, and a polish on his lips; "it is fine enough for fifty, as we say."

"Three, and no more," said the Captain, slowly, and with stress upon every word; "three, and no more, is the secret, or at least the main secret, of the way to do it. But who knows an apple from a pippin here, or a pippin from a crab, or a crab from a service? You may talk forever; but they only know that 'their veythers always did this, or thiccy; and they don't need to be no wiser than their veythers was.' They admit that mine is better; they can't help doing that; and if any one is ill, they send for it. But as for budging out of their own ways, or trying to learn one tree from another, they tell me—they actually have told me several times—that it goes against Genesis and the Parables!"

"Perhaps it is all the better for them"—Mr. Tucker was a Tory of a good type—"to be contented with their ancient ways. They make it anyhow, and they drink it anyhow, and they thrive upon it soberly. But if their liquor was like this, they would soon be above their work, and be getting gout for the sake of such a medicine. People are always gabbling now about elevating everybody. Nobody knows what it means; and I would rather see them hanged; because there you are. Good health to you, my lord—for so I believe you are by this time."

"I have not received any notice of it, and hope that you may be mistaken, Mr. Tucker. It would be the worst thing that could befall me. In the outer world at least."

"We never know what is good for us" (it appeared to the timber merchant that it must be good to be a lord); "and I am too old to be carried away by any ups and downs of life. But at first sight, sir, it looks like promotion; and I promised myself some pleasure in offering first congratulations. But excuse my saying that you take peculiar views of things."

"No, Mr. Tucker, I do not. I look at things as every gentleman and every man of honesty, in whatever station, must look at them. You know a part of my story, but not all. When you know the whole, you will merely say that in my place you must have done the same. But tell me what have you heard about me, or rather about my relatives?"

"It appears from this letter," the old man answered, spreading his niece's long epistle on his knee, and feeling (as a true Briton must) some pride in this connection with the peerage, "that your elder brother is dead, my lord; I have not the exact date of his death, but his departure from this world seems certain."

"I have heard of that. I avoid newspapers, as I have good cause to do. However, that came to my knowledge through an accident. But before you go further let me beg of you one thing, in which I am sure you will oblige me. Do not call me 'my lord,' but speak to me just as you always used to do." Mr. Tucker bowed and smiled, and then proceeded:

"Well, sir, I peruse the papers, as a man in my humble position must do. But I was not aware, until I got this letter, that your brother's only child was dead. He appears to have been carried off by small-pox. Sad, indeed, for any one, but most sad for the heir to an earldom, and large property, where the railways want to come."

"I am grieved to hear it, for my father's sake, as well as the poor little boy's. Are you certain that it is so?"

"If you will kindly take this and read it, you will know as much as I know. The women may pick up things amiss. But brother Snacks must be an accurate man, to have made all his money; and he backs it up."

Mr. Arthur took the letter, and read the part of Mary's writing that concerned himself, and the brief lines of the new-found uncle, of whom Uncle Caleb felt dire jealousy already.

"Every word of it looks like the truth," said Mr. Tucker, "though you never can tell nowadays. Mary is a truthful maid as can be; but that sort gets imposed upon. And what do you say to it now, if you please?"

"There may be a little exaggeration," the Captain answered, quietly; "there always is that in a case of this kind. But most of it is true. Who is that Mr. Gaston? He paid you a visit last spring, I see."

"Yes, and a fine sort of a visit. I should live behind a river if such visitors were common. We did the best we could for him in our unpretentious way, and I offered him refreshment to the best of my ability; but he showed himself unworthy, and made light of my intentions, because I would not furnish him with all information about you. I ought to have written to you about it; but I thought it would be better to come and see you; but somehow or other the time went by, and I humbly ask your pardon for neglect."

"Not at all. It is most kind of you to come now. You knew quite well that I would not see the man; and to hear of him would only have annoyed me. But what in the world could he have wanted of me? Did he give you any idea?"

"I don't think that he wanted to see you, but to know for his own purposes where to find you. Possibly to prevent other people from seeing you. But I will tell you what he said, that you may judge for yourself, after making all allowance for his off-hand style, and remembering that he would try most likely to deceive me."

Mr. Tucker took a pinch of snuff to stimulate his memory, and then told his host, as correctly as need be, the purport of George Gaston's words about him.

"Did you hear what became of him when he left you?" Mr. Arthur asked, after listening to this tale; "or whether he went on with his inquiries about me? Having contrived to find you out, he would be pretty sure to find me too."

"That is not so certain; for you live in a place so secluded, and he would not know your name. But I saw no more of him, and heard no more of him until I got this letter. Only I have a suspicion that he went to a firm of low land-jobbers in the suburbs of St. Thomas. I met one of them in the timber-yard soon after—for I go there now and then occasionally—and he called out to me, like a low fellow as he is, 'I say, old gentleman, can you give us a glass of rum?' Of course that proves nothing; but it struck me at the moment as a remarkable coincidence."

"You may depend upon it, you were right. He knew that I had bought land through your good offices, and he seems to have known my purpose too. From such people, who know you, and keep, no doubt, a jealous eye upon your doings, he would speedily discover, for a small fee, all they knew, and then put them to find out what they did not know. I must act upon the presumption that this man knows me, my name, my dwelling-place, and all about me. By-the-way, a thought strikes me—but I will find that out to-morrow. Now what can the motives of this Gaston be? A revengeful, malicious-looking man, you say? But I can not have wronged him. His name is quite unknown to me."

"Well, sir, he must have some motive; and you may be pretty sure that it is a bad one. Perhaps to get your property for himself, and blacken you to the poor old nobleman."

"I do not see how it can be that. The property is in strict settlement. If all that you have heard is true, after my father's time, I must take it, if I choose to do so, except the merely personal part, which is trifling, or at any rate used to be so. I can not see what this man can mean by hunting me out, and then leaving me in the dark."

"Never mind, sir; you may be quite clear that he means wrong, and you must take him for an enemy—a bitter and crafty enemy. If he had meant to do the honest thing, he would have found you out by public means; or if there was anything against that, he would have come to you like a man, as soon as he discovered you."

"No doubt he would, if indeed he has discovered me, and of that there can not be much question." The Captain looked around, as if he would like to know the opinion of his trees at this cruel disturbance of their master, and to ask them whether they would break their hearts at the loss of the man who loved them so. The trees, however, showed no concern.

"I am sure I can not tell, sir," the timber merchant said, while the other was reflecting sadly. "You know best what suits your life; but if I may say so without being rude, within the four seas there may be four men, and no more, that would be sorry to be found out so—to be called to great wealth and a high position, and with a dear child to inherit it. Miss Rose has grown into the loveliest young lady, and her manners are as lovely as herself. For one thing you may thank the Lord, sir—if I am not to call you by your proper title—and that is the opportunity you have had of bringing up a sweet, simple nature, without any of the spoilings of the world. She never would have been like what she is if her lines had fallen among gay rich people."

"There is much truth in what you say, my friend. And you may be sure that it has occurred to me; though nothing in the world could have spoiled my Rose. But it is on her account that I am most perplexed. If it were not for that darling child, I could act according to my own wishes, which are very simple, and have long been shaped. But her interests must be thought of more than my desires."

"Certainly they ought to be. No just man could think twice upon such a point as that." Mr. Tucker spoke decisively, and almost sternly, for he was a man of strong, clear sense, and had often condemned, in his own shrewd mind, what he thought to be the sensitive weakness of the other. "You may have your own ideas," he continued, "and your own views of happiness and contentment, upon which I have never ventured to intrude, in spite of your flattering confidence in me. For yourself you have a perfect right to judge; but for others—however, it is not my place—"

"No, it is not your place," Mr. Arthur answered, looking at the old man gratefully, "to offer advice, without a thorough knowledge of all that has happened to us. This you have never had, for various reasons, most of which are now gone by. You knew very little of my affairs; and yet through some sympathy, you took my part."

"Ay, that I did; and I couldn't tell the reason, unless it was the trouble on the both of us. Your dear wife was dead, and mine was gone; and a faithful partner she had been. 'Caleb,' she used to say, 'never you be hard; it comes so easy to be hard; no fear of nobody neglecting that. But it needeth a man, to be soft, my dear.' Perhaps her meaned that the women wasn't so. But goodness knows she never meant no harm. There, I be talking as if I wasn't eddicated! All of us does, when we thinks of trouble, from the way we go on, in the natural times. And then you came, with your hat-band on, and there was no complaint outside your eyes. And I was dwelling upon her that moment."

The turn of the old man's mind had brought the long review of his own life up; and the Captain, having much of his own to look back on, waited for his sigh before speaking again. For the sigh of the old is the spirit's adieu to a mournful subject, until next time.

"But we must have another talk about this cider," Mr. Tucker continued, to save abruptness; "it should be indeed a thing to talk of if a stranger could beat all Devonshire like this. When you have time, sir, whenever you have time, I shall be happy to meet you on that subject, for I used to fancy that I understood it, and I made an improvement in the presses once, and I ought to have had a patent for it."

"I hope to have many good talks about it, and especially about the best fruit for it," the Captain answered, briskly, "for the Devonshire apples puzzle me, partly by their local names and their infinite variety, but still more by their general badness. I can go on talking about fruit forever when I find any one to care about the subject, which I scarcely ever do. I suppose we are all born with a turn for something, however the turn of our lives may obscure it. But I see by the top of the kitchen chimney that our plain dinner is as ripe as a good fig. My daughter will call us in about two minutes. You have walked far to-day, and you ought to be hungry; or, at any rate, you must be tired, my good friend."

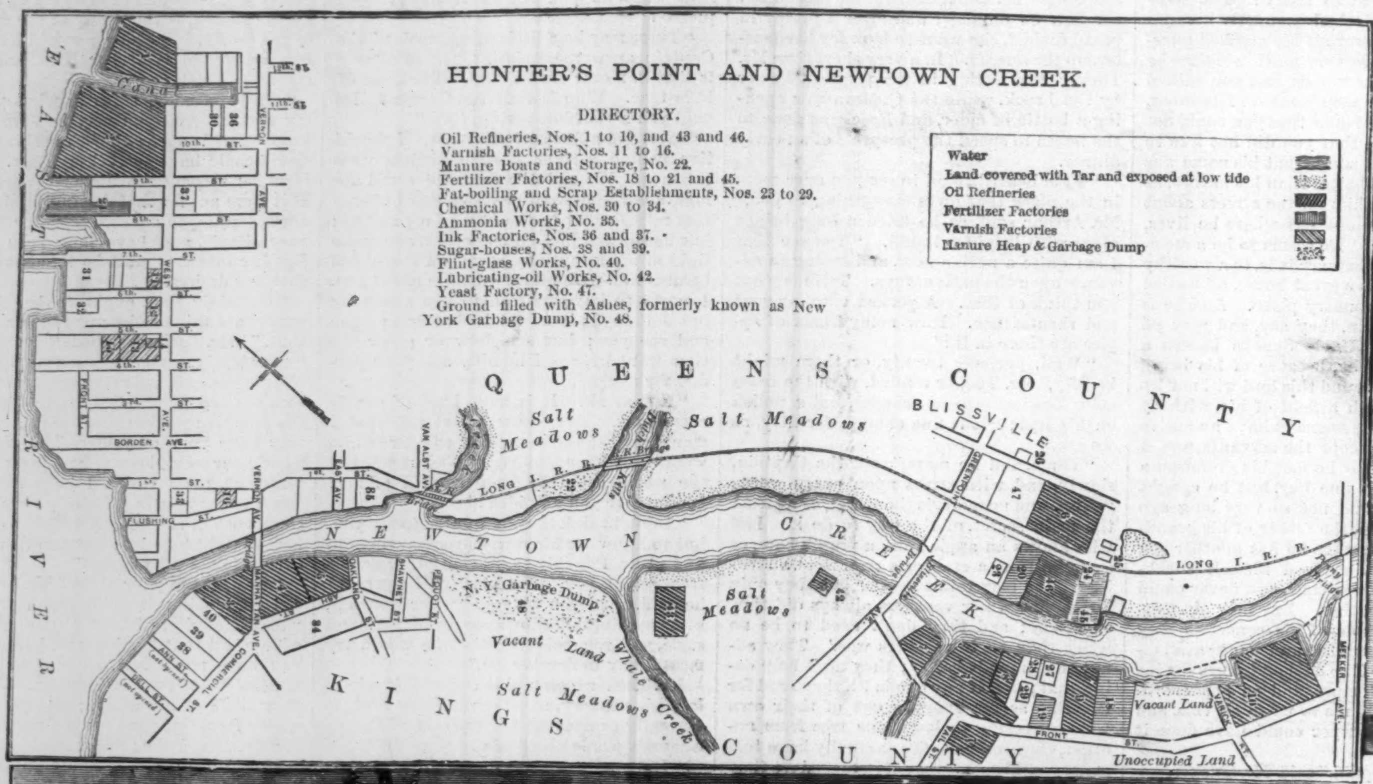
"Not as I knows of," Mr. Tucker answered, for Devonshire legs go up and down, by power of habit, without much strain. "But at my time of life that comes afterward, to think of."

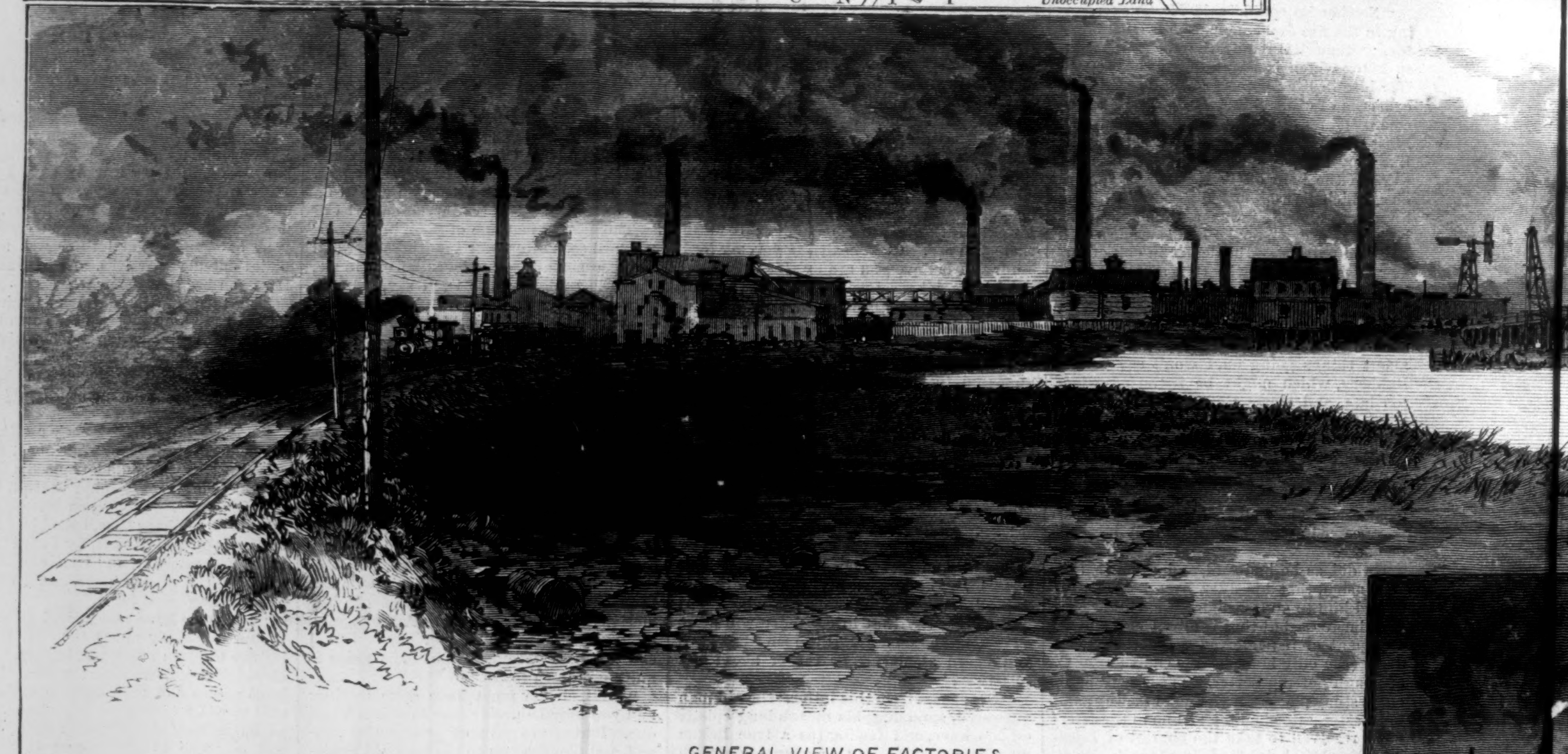
"You shall not walk another step to-night, except to my cottage, and a stroll by-and-by, if you fancy it, in my garden. We will make you as comfortable as we can; and my Rosie is no bad hand at that. You have been a very true friend to us, Mr. Tucker. I never like to press my affairs upon any one, for we all make a great deal too much fuss about ourselves. But if you would like to hear my little story, to which you have never had the key as yet, you would do me a favor by listening by-and-by, and even a greater one by your advice upon it."

"Sir, I may say, though I am not curious, that I have very often longed to know it."

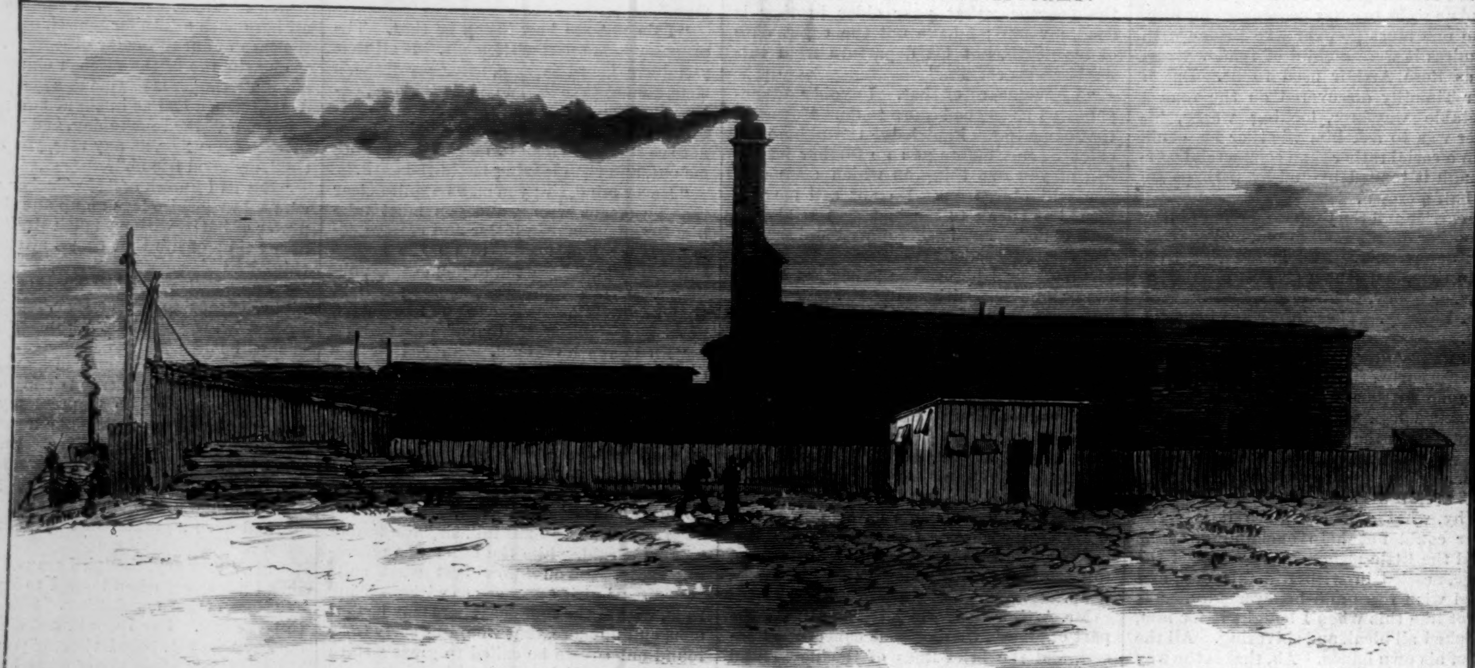
"Here comes my darling. She shall go to bed early. For I would not disturb her on any account. And then, if you are not too tired, you shall know what has driven me to this peculiar life, though I do not complain of it, and wish for nothing better. For many years I have been more happy than a king."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


HUNTER'S POINT AND NEWTOWN CREEK.
DIRECTORY.
Oil Refineries, Nos. 1 to 10, and 43 and 46.
Varnish Factories, Nos. 11 to 16.
Manure Boats and Storage, No. 22.
Fertilizer Factories, Nos. 18 to 21 and 45.
Fat-boiling and Scrap Establishments, Nos. 23 to 29.
Chemical Works, Nos. 30 to 34.
Ammonia Works, No. 35.
Ink Factories, Nos. 36 and 37.
Sugar-houses, Nos. 38 and 39.
Flint-glass Works, No. 40.
Lubricating-oil Works, No. 42.
Yeast Factory, No. 47.
Ground filled with Ashes, formerly known as New York Garbage Dump, No. 48.
Water
Land covered with Tar and exposed at low tide
Oil Refineries
Fertilizer Factories
Varnish Factories
Manure Heap & Garbage Dump
EAST RIVER
Canal
BORDEN AVE.
QUEENS COUNTY
Salt Meadows
Salt Meadows
BLISSVILLE
LONG I. R. R.
NEWTOWN CREEK
N.Y. Garbage Dump
Vacant Land
Whale Creek
Salt Meadows
Salt Meadows
KINGS COUNTY
Vacant Land
FRONT ST.
Unoccupied Land



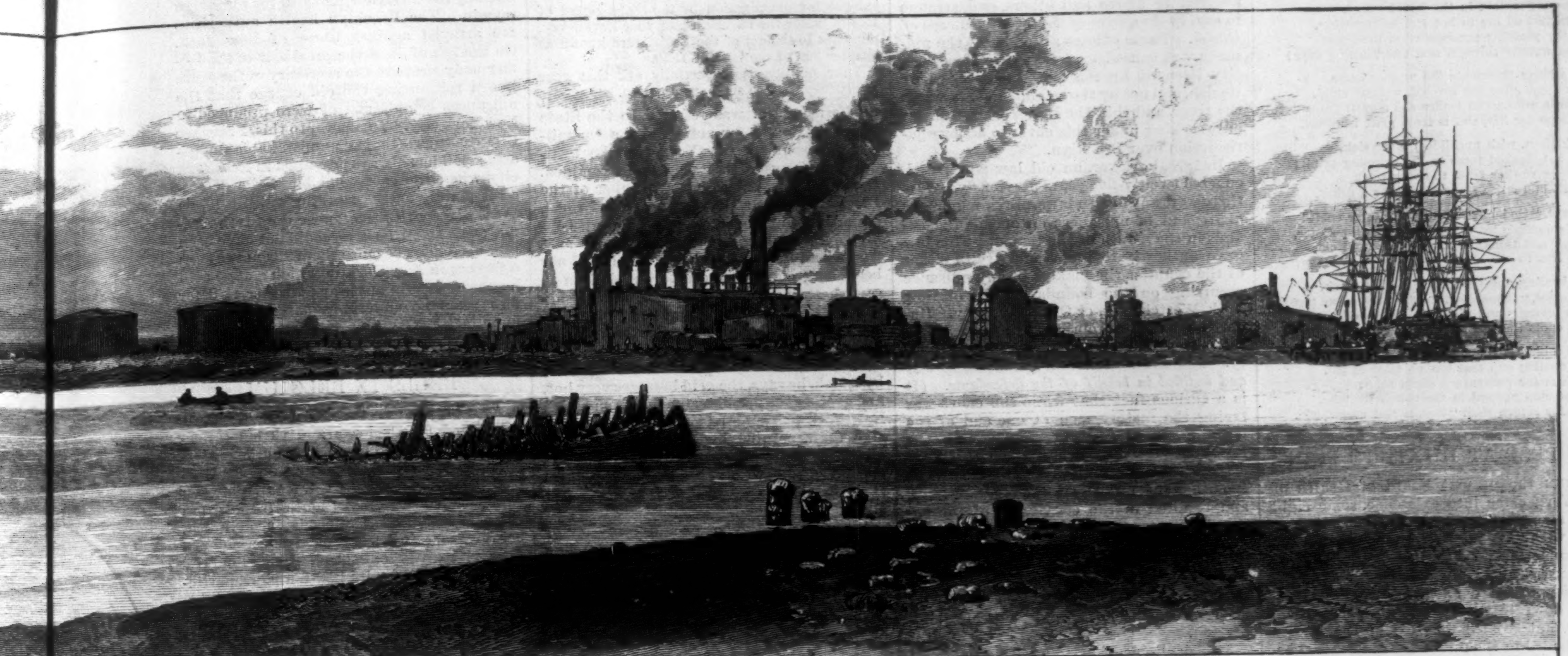
GENERAL VIEW OF FACTORIES.



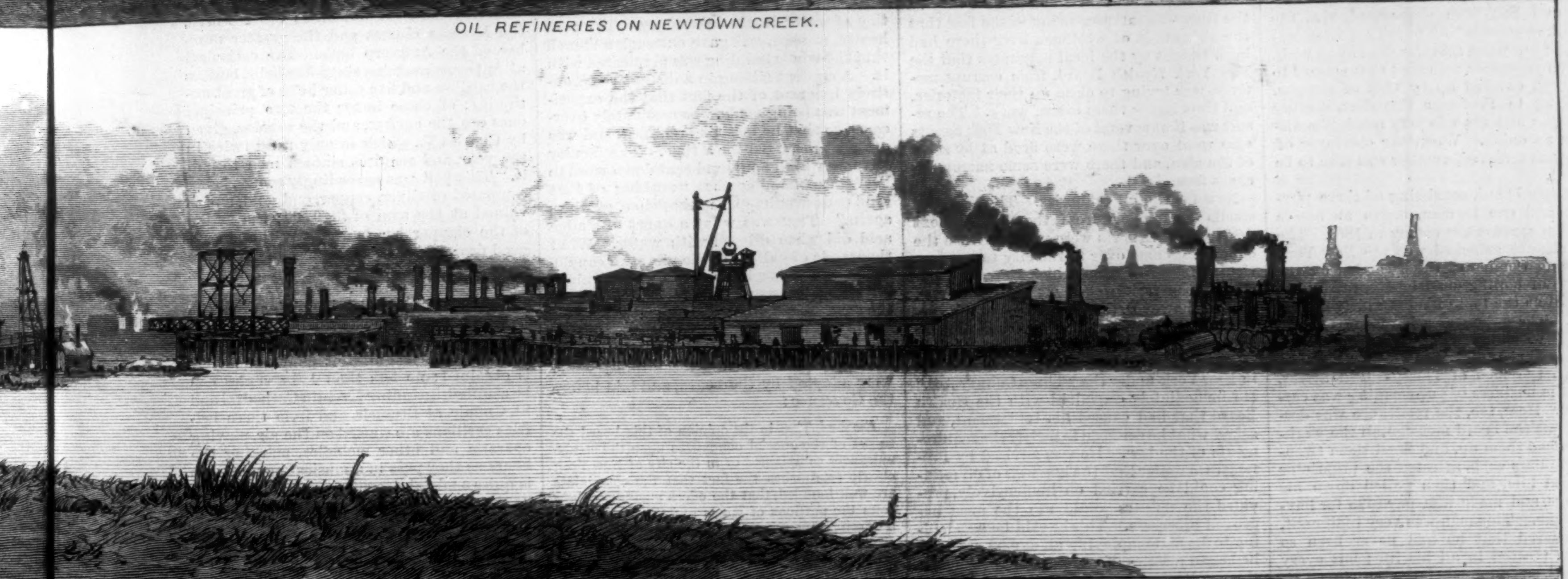
AMMONIA WORKS.

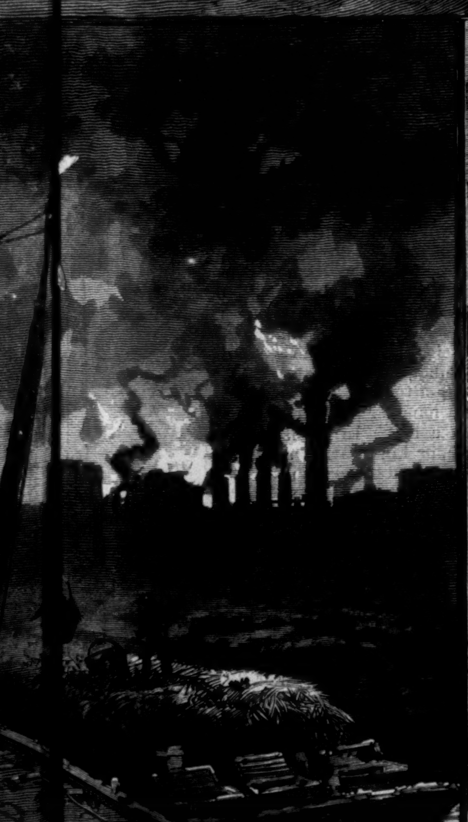
MANU BAR

UNSAVORY HUNTER'S POINT—THE FACTORIES AND REFINERIES

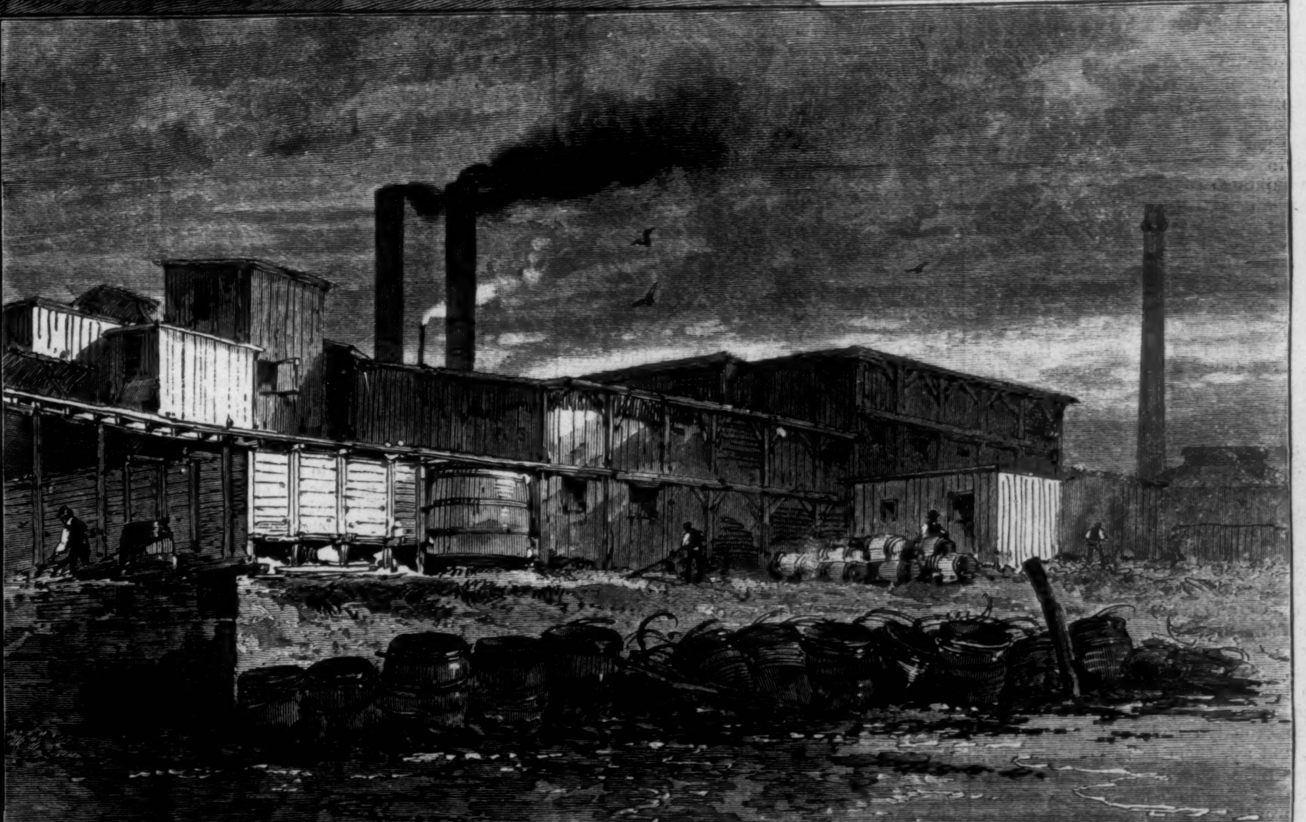


OIL REFINERIES ON NEWTOWN CREEK.





MANU BARGES AND OIL WORKS.



FERTILIZING FACTORY.

ES O NEWTOWN CREEK.—From Sketches by our Special Artist.—[See Page 538.]

THE FREE ICE-WATER FOUNTAIN.

O BLESSED fountain in the fervid street,
O draught of life in hot and toiling ways,
Unto thy plashing coolness what tired feet
Come wearily through sick and fainting days!

From stifling tenements the mother bears
In fevered arms the fevered, wailing child,
And as it drinks and smiles she almost dares
To hope for life, and is from grief beguiled.

The children, with unchildish labor sick,
Lift hot, flushed faces to the dripping brink;
The eager worker from the very thick
Of toil and strife stops gladly for a drink,

And says, "God bless the crystal water cold!"
The summer's water, cooled with winter's ice,
For sick and thirsty lips, for young and old,
And free to all—a gift beyond a price.

Some healing angel standeth there, I think,
And cries, "Come here!" from out life's hot turmoil,
Stoops lovingly and gives the children drink,
And cools the lips of fever and of toil.

It was a blessed thought. Then freely take
The cooling cup that has no taint of sin.
'Tis given for humanity's sweet sake;
'Tis one step onward in the march we take,
And for return shall "thanks and usage" win.

THE PEST AT HUNTER'S POINT.

WHEN the present Board of Health of New York came into existence, some eight years ago, the atmosphere of the city was laden with foul odors. Previous boards had done something toward the suppression of nuisances, but the lay members being in the majority, the medical members were often voted down in their efforts to carry out reforms that seemed to them of the utmost importance to the public health. One enormous evil had been suppressed, viz., the "dry-lime process" of purifying illuminating gas; but when this was done away with, other vile stenches appeared that seemed to have been covered up by that of the gas. According to Professor Chandler, dealing with these matters was very much like dissecting an onion. Whenever one layer of stench was removed, another was sure to be revealed.

The new board, consisting of three physicians and one layman, began an active campaign against the enemy in 1873. The first nuisance attacked was the New York Rendering Company, which carried on the business of boiling dead horses, cats, dogs, and offal at the foot of West Thirty-eighth Street. The fight was a hard one, but the company was finally compelled to surrender.

The second attack was on an establishment at the foot of Thirty-ninth Street, where the business of gut-cleaning was carried on. Here, too, the resistance was desperate, but the board arrested all the workmen, locked them up, and fined them twenty-five dollars each, arrested the proprietor and fined him, and then pulled down his buildings, and made him pay $125 for having it done. This man was very indignant, and declared that he had never been so shabbily treated in all his life; but every good citizen applauded the heroic treatment adopted by the health officers.

Attention was next turned to the fat-melting establishments on or near the North River, between Thirty-eighth and Forty-second streets, and the East River, between Forty-second and Forty-sixth streets, and in other parts of the city. Here fat was melted in open kettles, chiefly at night, and in buildings that appeared in the day-time to be deserted. It was hard work to trace the guilty parties, but they were found one after another, and the sickening work was stopped.

But after all this was done, there still remained another abominable stench, the prevalence of which in New York city was invariably found to be during the east winds. Following the stench across the river, it was traced directly to five fertilizer factories in Hunter's Point and Greenpoint. Here all sorts of bones, fish scrap, and animal refuse materials were made into superphosphates, or artificial fertilizers, by means of sludge acid. This acid, according to Professor Chandler, was the cause of the vile odors. It is the refuse product of oil refineries—the oil of vitriol which has been used to purify petroleum. It is preferred by the refiners to other acids on account of its cheapness, and is detested by everybody else for its nastiness.

How to suppress this nuisance was the question. The New York Board of Health had no jurisdiction, and could do nothing more, as then advised, than to communicate with the Brooklyn and Long Island City boards, and ask them to remedy the evil. But they refused to listen to the appeal. No relief being afforded, the citizens and taxpayers of New York applied to the Legislature for the passage of a bill which would enable any board in the State to go into court, and ask for an injunction against a nuisance outside of its jurisdiction that affected public health within its jurisdiction.

This bill was introduced in 1876, and was up again in 1877, 1878, and 1881, but never passed both Houses. It was opposed at Albany by the representatives of the factories referred to above and others, and, strange to say, *by the officers of the Brooklyn Board of Health.* These officers alleged that the nuisance was caused by factories in New York city licensed by the New York Board of Health, and not by the establishments across the river, and that the New York board was only seeking under this cover to acquire jurisdiction over Brooklyn.

In 1878, however, an old law was found, enacted twenty-five years previously, before there were any health laws, providing for the abatement of nuisances on one of the islands in the mouth of the Sound. This law gave authority to indict and try in either of the counties the makers of any nuisance occurring on the boundary lines of New York, Westchester, or Queen's county. Under this act the proprietors of the five factories were indicted and tried in this county. *The Brooklyn health officials came over and testified in behalf of the defendants.* (It is a curious fact that while the court was trying the factory men at one end of the building, a new grand jury, taking the Brooklyn view of the case, was actually indicting the New York Board of Health at the other end.) The trial lasted four days, and resulted in the conviction of the accused. Sentence was suspended, however, under promise that the use of sludge acid in the business should be discontinued. The promise has been kept, for the most part, and the bad odors have been greatly diminished, although not entirely suppressed.

The excitement in Long Island City at the time was intense, owing to the fact that the thousands of workmen over there had been taught by the local magnates that the New York Health Board, from corrupt motives, was trying to close up their factories, and thus throw them out of work. The result was that several of the New York agents who went over there were fired at by some of the men, and there were some narrow escapes from death.

Now for the oil refineries. The dreadful smells emanating from them were next dealt with. Efforts were made to trace the odors that came over to the city to the particular factories from which they proceeded, but the task was a very difficult one. In 1879, however, the New York officers succeeded in following a stench over the river and into the oil refinery of Messrs. Bostwick & Co. One of the proprietors was indicted in New York under the "Three County Act." He immediately consulted with the Health Board that had caused his indictment, and asked what he could do to satisfy the requirements of the law. He was advised by Professor Chandler that the business of oil refining could be carried on inoffensively, provided the refiners would use the most improved processes. This he said he was willing to do, and employing an expert chemist, he began a series of expensive experiments, the result of which was the introduction of improvements that reduced the nuisance to a minimum. The success of the new processes in one factory led to their voluntary adoption in two or three others, but the larger number still clung to the old methods of refining.

This was the state of things in 1879 and 1880. Odors of various kinds still came over the river, and complaints were made almost every day, but the board was powerless to prosecute at law unless it could trace the stench to some one place in particular. This they could not do, but fortunately in May, 1880, a State Board of Health was established by act of Legislature, and under Section 8 of this act larger authority was obtained. This section empowers the Governor to require the State Board to examine into alleged nuisances in any locality, and if in their judgment nuisances exist, the Governor may order it to be "changed, or abated and removed." If the order is not obeyed the parties shall be punished for misdemeanor, and the Governor may require the District-Attorney, the Sheriff, and the other officers of the county in which the nuisance is situated, to take all necessary measures to execute the order and have it obeyed.

Availing themselves of this law, more than one hundred citizens of New York, including Messrs. Howard Potter, Charles P. Daly, James Gallatin, and Drs. A. C. Post and C. R. Agnew, in December last, petitioned Governor Cornell as follows:

> The undersigned, residents of the city of New York, beg leave to call your attention to certain things which in their judgment constitute a nuisance affecting the security of life and health in this city, namely, the noisome and offensive smells, generated either at Hunter's Point and other places on Long Island by agencies unknown to your petitioners, which are brought into this city by winds and other natural causes, or else arising from the carrying on of offensive trades in the said city.
>
> Your petitioners represent to your Excellency that the local Board of Health of this city has failed to procure the abatement of this nuisance, and that the same is in their judgment a proper subject for examination by the State Board of Health under the requisition of your Excellency, pursuant to the act of the Legislature known as chapter 322 of the laws of 1880.
>
> Your petitioners respectfully ask that your Excellency require such examination.

The memorial was referred to the State Board of Health for action, and a committee was sent to New York to take testimony. Many witnesses were examined. During the investigation a member of the Brooklyn Health Board, we are informed, admitted that one of the five factories indicted in 1878 was now using sludge acid "under an improved process which had not been long enough in use to enable him to say whether or not it was going to be a success." Professor Chandler, the president of the New York board, was told that the improvement consisted simply in diluting the sludge acid with an equal amount of water, by which, he says, the acid becomes very hot, and evolves the peculiar stenches from which New York has suffered so long. The offensive tar separated by this process is discharged upon the adjacent lands, where it continues to give off these offensive odors. It is in effect, the professor says, the old sludge acid method.

Some idea of the power and pungency of the odor of this abominable stuff when treated in this way may be gathered from a single incident of an experiment recently made on a small scale at the School of Mines, Columbia College. One of the students, in order to test the matter, mixed a quart of the original sludge acid with an equal quantity of water in the laboratory. The acid heated at once, and gave out such a stench that the whole building was permeated with it. A student sitting in a distant room, entirely ignorant of the fact that the experiment was being made, was completely overcome, so that he lost his breakfast, and was utterly prostrated for a time. The faculty were very indignant, and sent down word to Professor Chandler that "nothing of that kind must ever happen in the School of Mines again." That was what a quart of sludge acid did when diluted with water. What thousands of gallons of the vile stuff can do, everybody living in the middle of Manhattan Island knows when the wind blows from the east.

After listening patiently to the testimony, the committee rendered the verdict embraced in the following resolutions, which were adopted by the board, and laid before the Governor:

> *Resolved*, That in the opinion of this board the report of the special committee upon the stench nuisances complained of in the city of New York clearly establishes the fact that the complaints are well founded, that the odors emanate chiefly from the portions of Kings and Queens counties bordering upon Newtown Creek, and that they are caused by carelessness in the management of the business of refining petroleum, discharging the refuse from the oil refineries, the handling of sludge acid, the making of cream of tartar, the manufacture of superphosphate fertilizers by means of sulphuric acid, the rendering of fat, the boiling and burning of bones, the manufacture of ammonia, and the transportation and storage of manure.
>
> *Resolved*, That in the opinion of the board the managers of the Empire, Standard, and Astral oil refineries, and the owners of the cream of tartar factory, have shown themselves to be commendably active in their efforts to control all sources of nuisance, and with the advice of competent experts have introduced improvements which accomplish that result; therefore the board urges upon the Governor the importance of requiring the owners of other oil refineries to adopt the same or other equally effective methods of accomplishing the same results. In the opinion of this board no treatment or utilization of the sludge of the oil refineries should be permitted in the neighborhood of Newtown Creek, nor should any portion of it be discharged into the waters of the creek. It should be removed in closed tanks entirely beyond the populous districts without dilution or needless exposure to the air.
>
> *Resolved*, That the manufacture of superphosphates from refuse and putrid animal matters, as now conducted, is a source of emanations which should not be endured, nor should such putrid materials be stored or transported in open vessels.
>
> *Resolved*, That the improper rendering of fat, and the boiling and burning of bones, and the manufacture of ammonia, constitute nuisances of great magnitude, which can be easily abated by the adoption of approved apparatus already in use in many establishments.
>
> *Resolved*, That the removal of manure from the large cities, and its transportation to the farms where it is finally utilized, without annoyance to the residents of the localities where it is produced, or through which it passes, is a problem involving many serious difficulties, but the board is unanimous in the opinion that it should not be allowed to accumulate in the neighborhood of crowded localities.

Upon this report the Governor issued his proclamation on the 22d of April last, ordering that "the causes of the nuisances be prevented, removed, or abated, on or before June 1, 1881."

Two months have elapsed since the date fixed by the Governor, and still the nuisances remain. The Brooklyn health authorities are arrayed against those of New York. On the 7th of June the president of the former body wrote to the secretary of the State Board reiterating the old charge that the nuisances complained of were produced in New York city. In answer to this, Professor CHANDLER says that an unmistakable sludge-acid smell has always prevailed in New York city when the east wind blew—he detected it plainly on the morning of July 10, on West Sixteenth Street, near the Sixth Avenue; this smell, he says, could not have been produced here, because there has never been a factory in New York in which sludge acid has been used in any way; further, that for two years no superphosphates have been manufactured in this city by any process whatever.

BELLS IN BELGIUM.

AT the present time the country most celebrated for its large and varied collection of bells, in addition to its other interesting associations, is Belgium—a fact realized by comparatively few tourists when they commence to investigate its queer old towns. But if the subject is once studied, the pleasure to be derived from a sojourn here is greatly enhanced. This land of bells is famous for its bell-founders, particularly those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when Van den Gheyns, Hemony, and Dumery lived. Of these three Hemony attained the greatest eminence, constructing, amongst numerous other works, the Mechlin chimes and the greater number of the Antwerp bells. The cathedral at Antwerp contains sixty-five bells, besides the carillon and five other bells of great antiquity; of these latter the two principal ones are the curfew, and the carolus, given by Charles V., which is only rung twice in the year, and requires sixteen men to pull it. This bell was exceedingly costly, being composed of silver, copper, and gold, and is valued at the sum of $100,000; the action of the clapper has worn away the sides a good deal. Dumery was the founder of the Bruges carillon, which consists of forty bells and one large bourdon.

Looking over the Belgian plains from the belfry of Notre Dame at Antwerp (the spire of which is 403 feet high from the foot of the tower), a magnificent panoramic view is obtained; no less than 126 steeples can be counted, including Mechlin Cathedral and St. Gudule at Brussels, and from these belfries carillons are wafted on the air, playing operatic and other melodies, marking the hours as they pass in a musical manner. It is quite a mistake to suppose that bells rung every seven minutes is an interruption: their constant recurrence is found to give life and vivacity to these quaint old cities, besides penetrating into the country for miles round; and it is wonderful, after a residence here, how the familiar music is missed when no longer heard.

The geographical aspect of Belgium is well adapted for the transmission of carillons, as it has been found that the penetrating sound of bells is much increased by being rung in a plain or valley, especially a water valley. The belfry at Tournay, which rocks when the weather is stormy in a very ominous manner, contains forty bells. A light is always kept burning after dark in the highest gallery, and if a fire breaks out, the tocsin is sounded by the watchman, who is there night and day. The construction of the "tambour carillon," which produces such charming music, is exactly similar in principle to a musical box. It consists of a barrel with a number of little spikes on it, each of which lifts a tongue, which pulls a wire, and raises a hammer that strikes the required note on a bell. In the last century the clavecin, or key-board, was used, and the carilloneurs used to perform on this. One of the most celebrated of these players was Van den Gheyns, who used to perform quite elaborate pieces of music on the bells.

The reason that so many belfries have been erected in Belgium is doubtless owing to the incessant civil wars that used to ravage the country. It was on this account that in fortifying towns like Ghent and Bruges, the first thing to be done was to build the tower, and the second to put up the bells, in order to have the means of calling the people together whenever an outbreak occurred. According to this arrangement, it frequently happened that the bells were the property of the town, whilst the tower belonged to the cathedral chapter. These belfries are extensively decorated with the names of the tourists visiting them, and at Strasburg the signatures of Goethe and Klopstock are shown with pride. It seems an extraordinary thing that in this, as well as in other cathedrals, there is no better mechanical appliance used for swing bells than the wheel, with a rope over it, which is precisely the plan employed by the Chinese more than a thousand years ago.

WRIT IN FLOWERS.

IN all the blessèd seasons when the flowers
Deck with rare beauty this brown earth of ours,
In my small garden every day I find
Some lovely blooms that bring dear friends to mind,
Not only friends who year by year have grown
Into my heart, but many friends unknown,
Save in the spirit, who have sent to me
Gifts that, awhile imprisoned, when let free,
Burst into words in "angel alphabet,"
In which the giver's memory was set.
In snow-drops white as is the snow; in blue
And graceful scilla bells whose heavenly hue
Seems to have dropped upon them from the skies;
In roses which each morn give glad surprise
Of wondrous colors; in the tulips gay;
In pink thrift blossoms; in the bright array
Of velvet pansies smiling to themselves
(Flowers loved best by merry flower elves);
In lilies, these robed like a youthful bride,
And those pranked out in garments richly dyed
In gold and crimson; in forget-me-nots
Peeping with baby eyes from shady spots;
In honeysuckles with their brilliant show
Of fairy trumpets, which unceasing blow
Most fragrant invitations to that gem
Of birds, the humming-bird, to visit them;
In dainty mignonette and violets shy;
In daisies ever gazing at the sky;
In spicy pinks and larkspurs blue—I read
That which gives strength, and makes me glad indeed.
For sure no sweeter messages could be
Than those my friends have writ in flowers for me.

THURINGIAN PEASANTS AT CHURCH.

THE Sunday morning service is the best time for seeing the picturesque costumes of the villagers. Before the hour of service arrives, groups of men, women, and children assemble in the church-yard, the girls having for the most part no covering to their heads save such as is afforded by their own abundant hair tightly plaited in coils round their heads. The elder women wear a most elaborate head-dress, composed apparently of broad silk ribbons, so arranged as to stand up over the forehead in a sort of tiara, while down the back the ends hang in four long broad streamers. All the women wear, even in the hottest weather, great cloaks of divers patterns and colors, very full all round, and pleated round the neck, somewhat after the manner of an Elizabethan ruff. As each woman wears from three to five or more thick skirts, and this cloak over all, the apparent dimensions of a Thuringian peasantess rival those of our ladies in the days of crinoline. The men have for the most part given up their old peasant costumes, and adopted the hideous garments of civilization, and apparently conscious of their want of picturesqueness, slink into the background. Presently the bell begins to ring, and women and girls stream into the ground-floor of the church. Men and boys are relegated to the three rows of galleries which, one over another, line the walls of the church up to the very ceiling. The bell stops, the organ begins to play, and the precentor starts a tune which is at once taken up by the people, who sing slowly and solemnly one of their old German hymns. During the singing the minister enters, and as soon as the hymn is done reads the prayers. These consist of a few general prayers, similar to those in the English prayer-book, with a few responses from the congregation, and the collect, epistle, and gospel for the day. Then there is more singing, during which the minister goes out, and when the hymn is finished re-appears in a different gown, ascends the pulpit, and delivers a discourse, which is usually an amplification and dilution of the gospel for the day. Then another hymn, the benediction, and then yet another hymn, during the singing of which the minister retires, and the people follow his example as they list. The whole service usually occupied about an hour or less. For the rest of the day the natives work in the fields, stroll about the village, or sit in the *Restaurations* and drink beer and schnapps.

THE MODERN CANOE.

THE modern canoe is very aptly called the "poor man's yacht," and to all intents and purposes she is a yacht in miniature. The popular idea of a canoe is a birch-bark affair of Indian construction, only fitted for paddling in smooth waters, and very liable to be upset. But under the teachings of **McGREGOR** and **BADEN-POWELL**, the fathers of modern canoeing, we have changed all that, and the canoe of to-day is a craft combining strength and lightness, in which her owner may make long cruises, during which himself and his cargo of provisions, blankets, spirit-lamp, cooking utensils, and other camp paraphernalia are kept dry by day beneath water-tight decks and hatches, and in which at night he may stretch himself at full length and sleep as comfortably as when rocked in the cradle of his infancy. Having water-tight compartments at each end, the canoe may be capsized and filled, but will still retain buoyancy sufficient to bear up her crew and cargo. By means of jointed bamboo spars, which may be stowed beneath decks when not in use, she can make a spread of canvas apparently out of all proportion to her size, and before the lightest breath of air skim the unruffled surface of the water like a bird, or dash madly over foam-capped billows before a gale that compels many a larger craft to shorten sail.

Seated in his tight little craft, the canoeist is so nearly on a level with the water that, though he may not be sailing very fast, it appears to him that he is flying; and though the waves that occasionally spatter him with a bit of spray may not be very large, they appear to him, as his cockle-shell dashes over them, like huge billows. He must perform the duties of "captain, cook, and all hands." He can sail wherever yachts can, and in many places where they can not, and he gets for his money more actual sailing, as much experience, and nearly as much pleasure as the owner of the finest yacht afloat.

It is claimed that canoeing is unsocial, in that the canoeist can not invite his friends to accompany him, but must cruise in solitary state; that his quarters are cramped and narrow; that from the dashing spray he is generally wet. He answers that he can almost always find some fellow to accompany him in another canoe, or if not, he can cruise down some river or along the shores of a sound, lake, or bay, where he can find new companions at every turn. If he becomes cramped and tired of sitting in his canoe, he runs her up on some sandy beach, and, leaving her beyond the reach of high water, takes a stroll through the woods or climbs some hill, and from this eminence obtains a topographical knowledge of the surrounding country, of which cruisers in larger boats than his remain in ignorance. As to getting wet, he will tell you that it is healthy to get wet while exercising in the open air if only you get dry again before turning in for the night.

The spirited illustration on page 541 was drawn from sketches made during a recent regatta of the New York Canoe Club in New York Bay, and is typical of all races between what are known as sailing canoes, as distinguished from the lighter class more especially fitted for paddling.

The great event of the year to American canoe men is their annual convention, which will be held this year at Lake George, on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of this month.

HOW TO BATHE.

THE mere fact of immersing the body in water, whether salt or fresh, has no magic power for good. As a matter of physical experience, bathing causes loss of bodily heat, which is rarely if ever desirable. People generally make great mistakes as to the use of baths and bathing. It seldom happens that an ordinary bath cleanses the skin, which should be the primary purpose. For the rest, no possible good can be done by merely burying the surface of the body in water. As to the idea that the salt of the sea acts on the skin, that is a flimsy notion, resting on very insufficient premises; and if it were true, a sponging with salt-water would be better than bathing in the sea. The truth is, the value of a bath is in proportion to its effect as an agent producing reaction. There may be cases in which the abstraction of heat by bathing in cold water would do good. We know there are such cases; but they are not, as a rule, to be found among the multitudes who bathe. For the purpose of lowering the temperature of the body, cold bathing must be used under medical direction, and it is improbable that a practitioner desiring to employ this remedy would order his patient to "bathe," in the ordinary sense of the term. It may therefore be repeated that the use of bathing is to produce reaction, and act as a stimulant to the circulation, especially at the surface of the body and in the skin. This should be borne in mind, and it will be at once perceived that there is nothing but evil in prolonging the bath beyond a very brief duration. As soon as the surface is cooled, the bather should quit the water, and, rubbing the skin briskly with a rough towel, bring back the blood, and produce the redness and the glow of health. The actual length of time which a bather may remain in the water should be determined by the exercise he is able to take while in it. If he can throw his muscular system into vigorous action, so as to maintain his heat, the exercise will do him good, and in a few minutes he may secure as good a constitutional as he could get by a brisk walk, or a gallop, or a game of cricket; but unless he can thus work to make heat, he is simply throwing away heat, which he may not readily replace, every moment he remains in the bath. Many weakly but fairly healthy persons do themselves great harm by bathing frequently, and under the mistaken impression that remaining in the water is in itself healthful. This idea should be cast aside as erroneous and misleading. The only safe rule for the ordinary bather is to regard the bath as a means of promoting the circulation of his blood. If he finds that when he comes out of the water he is warmer than when he went in, he is benefited. If he is colder, the bath has done him no good. It may not perchance have done him serious harm, but it has certainly done no good, and a risk has been run by taking it, while the loss of heat entailed has been a waste of power. This power may be replaced; but if it is, there will need to be an expenditure of strength in some subsequent exercise which had better have been turned to profitable account on land, instead of being simply devoted to the repair of an injury inflicted in the pursuit of health.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THERE should be a law against taking the name of the Rhode Island clam-bake in vain. Rhode Island is smaller in territory than any other of the sisterhood of States, but in the matter of clam-bakes she is bigger than Texas. At nearly every popular sea-side resort genuine Rhode Island clam-bakes are advertised in conspicuous letters; but he who is attracted thereby finds before him a dozen scorched quahaugs, bearing no more resemblance to the succulent, tender, steaming, irresistible clams baked in sea-weed on the shores of the Narragansett Bay than a red herring bears to a trout from a mountain brook. The Rhode Island clam-bake does not stop at the end of a dozen clams, but at the limit of the partaker's appetite, and it is accompanied in season by delicious green corn and cool ripe water-melon. To have eaten such a clam-bake forever incapacitates the partaker for joining in the solemn and laborious mastication of the enduring morsels which are sold at Coney Island and elsewhere out of Rhode Island as baked clams.

A few years ago the homes of both United States Senators from this State and one Representative in Congress, and of Horatio Seymour, the Democratic sage whose wisdom and absence of desire to hold office are now universally acknowledged, were in Utica, then a city of about thirty thousand population. Recent political events have left Utica with only a reminiscence of its former distinction as the abiding-place of holders of high offices. Messrs. Conkling and Kernan are in private life. Mr. Roberts is editing his newspaper. Horatio Seymour lives on his farm the year around, and is known as the Sage of Deerfield.

The Salvation Army from England—which, with the possible exception of the United States army, contains more officers in proportion to the number of privates than any other military body—has suffered a rout at the hands of the hosts of sin in New Jersey, and seems to be on the point of giving up the campaign in the Western hemisphere. It is possible that the strength of the enemy was increased by re-enforcements from those who were of the opinion that the conquest had better be delayed a little than that the methods of the invaders should be tolerated. Wearing such toggery as is put on by venders of tooth-powders to attract the street crowds, speaking with cockney accent and peculiarities, and going through such motions as constitute portions of the Indian war-dances, these persons were sufficiently offensive without the display of insolence to the chief magistrate of the city, which was one of their first acts on arriving in New York. If persons do these things in the name of Christianity, then their offense is double. Perhaps there is a class in England whose condition is improved by such methods; there is no such class in the United States.

The Rev. Mr. Jasper, who holds that the sun "do move," has a disciple in the Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Canada, who has been lecturing in this city on "Does the Sun Move? or, the Science of the Heavenly Bodies, and the Revolutionary Powers of the Earth and Sun." He holds that the revolutionary powers of the earth are nothing, and that the sun is, as it appears to be, the real revolver.

The dispute as to the manner of reception that should be extended in Japan to King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands was settled in accordance with the wishes of those who held that he was entitled to a right royal Oriental welcome. All the splendors of the empire were made to shine for him, and the gorgeous uniforms which were made in San Francisco for him and his suite were aired in the presence of the monarch whose realm lies nearest to Hawaii on the west. Since then the story has been circulated that Kalakaua was about to sell out his kingdom to China for a stated number of millions of dollars. The king—unlike General Butler, in that he contradicts misstatements about himself—has promptly denied that any such bargain has been contemplated.

There are many ways for individuals and places to acquire distinction. Thus Eureka, Kansas, is enjoying momentary notoriety because of the previously unheard-of declaration of a spokesman for that place that the town is suffering from an absence of flies. Somebody should open a restaurant there.

Justice O'Connor, of Antonito, Colorado, fell asleep in a railway car, and because a brakeman woke him up he caused the brakeman's arrest. Being in bad humor, his honor went into the hotel, covered the landlord with two revolvers, and abused him to his heart's content. The next evening the justice rode through the town on horseback, armed with a repeating rifle and two revolvers, threatening all whom he saw. Late at night the Vigilance Committee took possession of him in a bar-room, and hanged his honor in an old slaughter-house. It came out that he had been connected with a gang of robbers, the other members of which he promptly discharged as often as they were taken before him.

A bunch of flame some two and a half feet long and eighteen inches high is said to have burst, with a hissing noise, out of the wet sand at low tide in front of a hotel at Long Branch on a recent night. The "sulphurous smell" that attends all such phenomena was sniffed by some of the oldest and most trustworthy inhabitants.

A dealer in curios in this city was asked what was the most curious article of a lady's toilet that he had ever seen. He replied that it was a fan made by a woman of Normandy, the carved wooden sticks of which were inlaid with the polished crescent-shaped tips of her own finger-nails, and the lace web of which was woven from her golden hair.

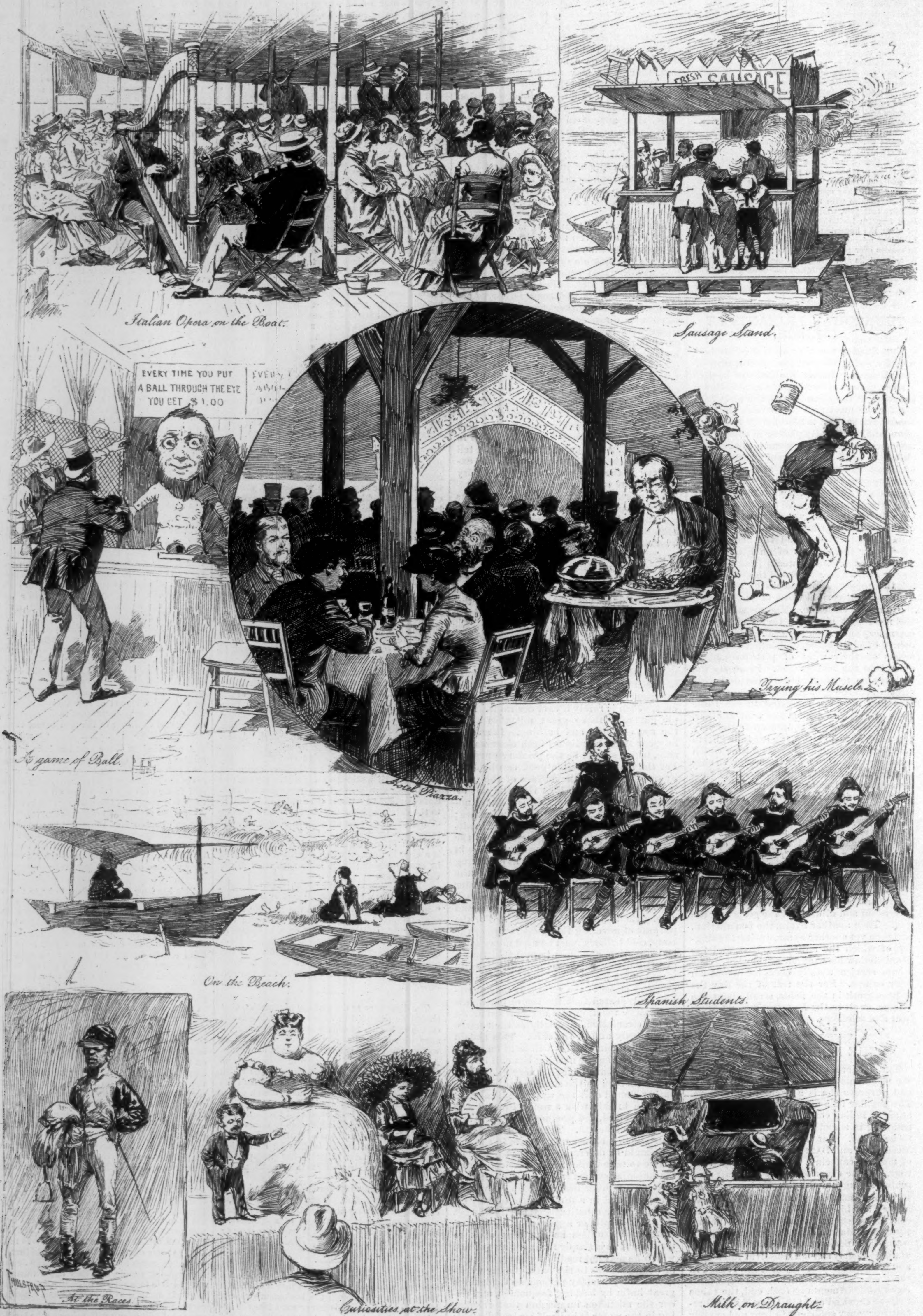
Miners in Oregon are not admirers of small feet. A Chinese mother in Fresno bandaged her little girl's feet so tightly that the cries of the child were heard by the mining men. They broke into the house, cut the bandages from the little girl's feet, applied liniment, and assured the woman that they would hang her if she again put on the bandages.

A Nihilist in St. Petersburg was found to be in communication with the police in respect to the doings of his brother Nihilists. So they invited him to a dinner one evening, and the next day his body was found in a cemetery, with his throat cut from ear to ear. His experience was worse than that of the Russian spy who was among the Nihilists in this city. His business was suspected, and they met in his rooms for a convivial evening. He was drugged, and his papers were searched, confirming their suspicion. When he awoke from his stupor he found a letter advising him to quit the city at once. He went. A few months later he was murdered in Europe, and it was conjectured that the Nihilists on whom he was spying there were his slayers.

There seemed to be no question as to the location of William Penn's remains till it was proposed to exhume them and bring them to the United States. Indeed, there should be no difficulty in finding them now if it is true, as asserted by the commissioner sent to bring them back to Pennsylvania, that Penn was buried in a leaden coffin in the Jordans' burial-ground. But the trustees do not propose to permit any attempt at identification, and the commissioner's appeal for possession of the remains was summarily dismissed. Since then he has addressed a letter to the London *Times*, in which he holds that the bones of Penn have rested in England for a long time without benefiting the people, and that if they were taken to Philadelphia the masses "would be elevated for good or restrained from evil by the inevitable consciousness of the high, pure, and courageous character of the man before them."

A new Hudson River boat has been built, the owners of which claim that her speed is greater than that of the famous *Mary Powell*. The owners of the latter boat hold that the *Mary Powell* is still faster than any other boat on the river, and there is a prospect of an exciting race in the fall. As it is not proposed to carry passengers, the contest will happily lack those features which used to characterize the Mississippi steamboat races, when sides of bacon were taken from the cargo to feed the furnaces, and unconsidered negroes were perched on the safety-valves.

This has been, and promises to be to the end, an unhappy season for those whose money is invested at the great sea-side resorts in the vicinity of the metropolis. The weather is held to be the cause of the absence of money-spending throngs. One or two more seasons must pass before the truth can be known, but there are grounds for the conjecture that these resorts will not be popular again till those who control them prepare to do business on the basis of popular prices. Their profit must come chiefly from those who go down to the sea and return in a day; the class that seeks recreation of a sort to last through a summer vacation may be found all along the bays on the south side of Long Island, at the quiet resorts farther to the east, along the New Jersey shore, on the banks of the Hudson, and at other places away from the throng. They have the inclination and the means to seek quieter and better places than those which have been made, though with great outlay, on the sands within a half-hour's ride of the city. The prices at Coney Island and Rockaway seem to have been made upon the assumption that every visitor is on a spree, and is reckless of expense. Even under those conditions the attractions there were sufficient to draw many visitors while the resorts were new, and everybody was asking or answering the question, "Have you been to Coney Island?" But there is no attraction equal to that of giving every person his money's worth, and that attraction has not been held out at Coney Island, except by the transportation companies. Two years ago it was given out that the patronage of Jews was not desired at some of the hotels; it was said that they wanted too much for their money. The Jews are a bargaining people, and they made themselves disagreeable to landlords by persistently trying to get their money's worth. The great majority of people who would visit Coney Island are as much averse to finding fault with prices as the landlords are to having their prices found fault with; so they stay away.


FRESH SAUSAGE
EVERY TIME YOU PUT A BALL THROUGH THE EYE YOU GET $1.00
THULSTRUP

Italian Opera on the Boat.

Sausage Stand.

A game of Ball.

Hotel Piazza.

Trying his Muscle.

On the Beach.

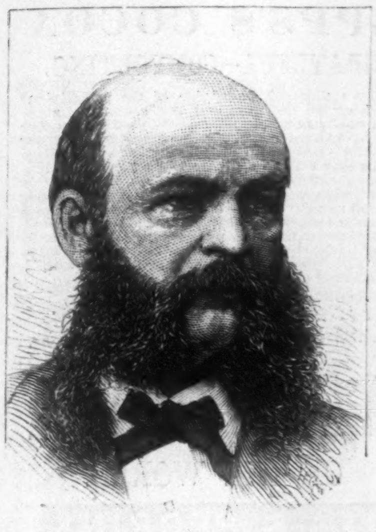
Spanish Students.

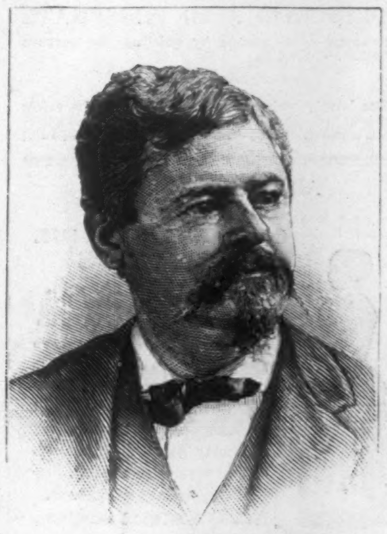
At the Races.

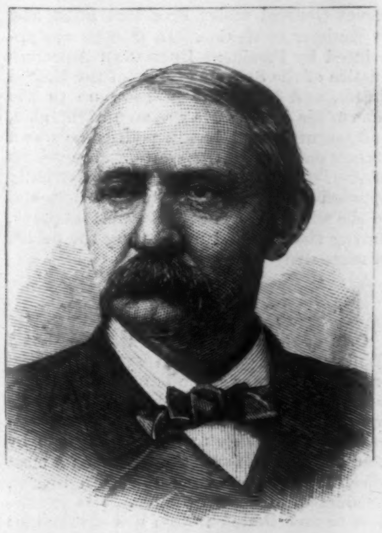
Curiosities at the Show.

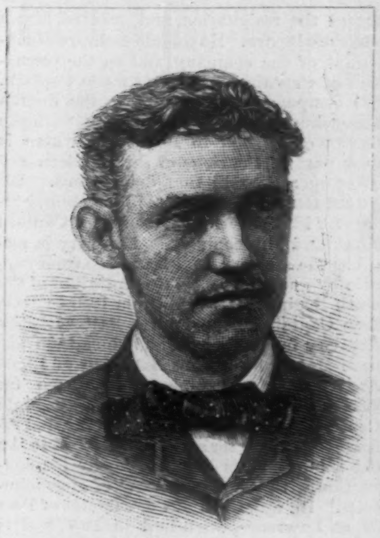
Milk on Draught.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS—SKETCHES AT CONEY ISLAND.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.


COMMANDER GEORGE S. MERRILL.
Photographed by Frank Russell.

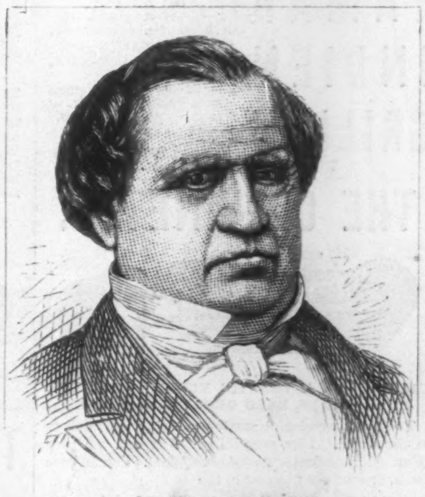

GENERAL D. G. SWAIM.—[See Page 542.]
Photographed by Sarony.

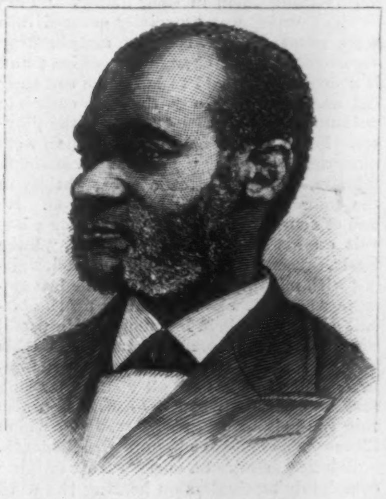

COLONEL A. F. ROCKWELL.—[See Page 542.]
Photographed by C. M. Bell.


J. STANLEY BROWN.—[See Page 542.]
Photographed by C. M. Bell.

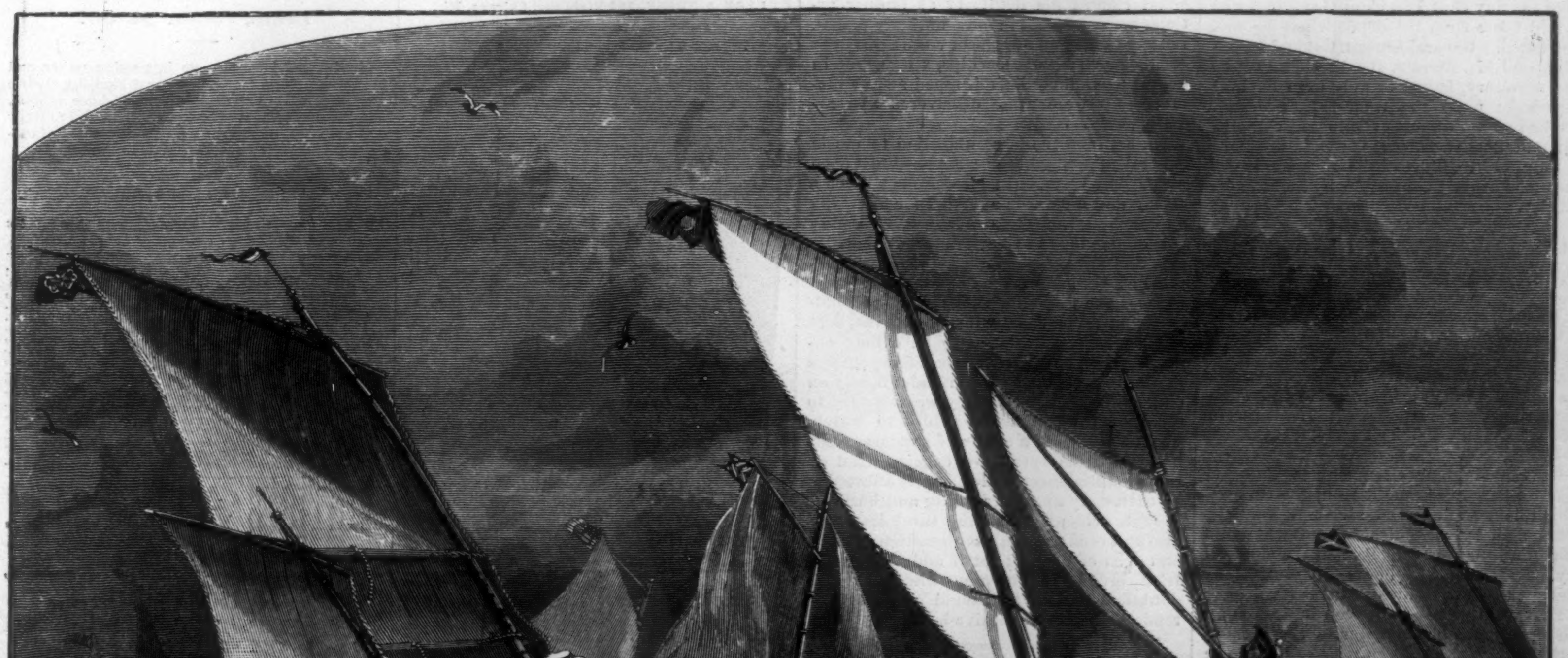
THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT.

The Grand Army of the Republic, ever since its birth a flourishing organization, is constantly growing in numbers and popularity. During the past year it made a gain of nearly one-third, 240 new Posts having been established, embracing a membership of over 15,000. This swells the present totals to 976 Posts and 70,000 members. During the year nearly $64,000 were expended for relief. The fifteenth annual session of the National Encampment, held at Indianapolis, was largely attended, and was one of great enthusiasm. The following named officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commander-in-Chief, Major **George S. Merrill**, Lawrence, Massachusetts; Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, General **Charles L. Young**, Toledo, Ohio; Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, Colonel C. V. R. **Pond**, Quincy, Michigan; Surgeon-General, Dr. C. **Styer**, Philadelphia; Chaplain-in-Chief, Rev. J. F. **Lovering**, Worcester, Massachusetts.


THE LATE JUSTICE CLIFFORD.
[See Page 542.]


THE REV. DR. GARNETT.—[See Page 542.]
Photographed by J. U. Stead.

Commander-in-Chief **Merrill**, whose portrait is given on this page, was born in Methuen, Massachusetts, in 1837. When fifteen years old, he went to Lawrence to serve an apprenticeship on the *Courier*. In his twentieth year he acquired an interest in the Lawrence *American*, soon afterward became its editor, and in 1860 was its sole proprietor. For eight years he was President of the Massachusetts Press Association, and organized the yearly excursions for which it has since become famous. In August, 1861, President **Lincoln** appointed him Postmaster at Lawrence, to which office he has been re-appointed every four years since without filing an application, and entirely without opposition. In August, 1862, he was authorized by the city government of Lawrence, in company with E. T. **Colby** and **John K. Tarbox**, to raise a company, under the call of President **Lincoln** for 300,000 nine-months men. He resigned his Postmastership to accept this service. Postmaster-General **Blair** declined to



A CANOE REGATTA IN NEW YORK BAY.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 539.]

accept the resignation, and granted him a leave of absence. He was elected First-Lieutenant of the company, and on the promotion of Captain COLBY, was made Captain. His company was attached to the Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, and sent with the BANKS expedition to Louisiana, where it took part in the siege of Port Hudson and other operations in that department. Adjutant-General SCHOULER, in his annual report for 1863, especially commended Captain MERRILL for his coolness and bravery in rescuing the steamer *Louisiana Belle* from capture by guerrillas. He was Adjutant of the Sixth Regiment M. V. M. from 1866 to 1869, then Captain of the Fourth Battery Light Artillery for four years, and since then has been Major of the First Battalion of Light Artillery. He was also well known for years as a member of the Republican State Central Committee, and its worthy and efficient Secretary for seven years. But to the old soldiers he is best known by his connection with the Grand Army of Massachusetts. He was the first Commander of Post 39 at Lawrence, organized in 1867, and is now one of its active members. He was Department Commander in 1875, and gained a hold upon the hearts of all comrades by his zeal in the order, and his ready response to every call, that made him the most popular Commander the State ever had. He has attended twelve successive National Encampments, and by active exertions made the influence of Massachusetts a potent one in the grand councils of the order. His election was received with great enthusiasm. He has been for several years an active member of the military order of the Loyal Legion, for a time a member of the Council, and at the May election was elected Senior Vice-Commander. In his own city he was for five years a member of the Common Council, and for two years its President. He brings to the office of Commander-in-Chief the ripened knowledge of years of experience, and an enthusiasm unabated.

The next annual meeting of the Encampment will be held at Baltimore, in June, 1882.

WATCHERS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

ON the preceding page we give the portraits of several of the gentlemen who, besides the attending physicians, have been unremitting watchers at the White House since the day that President GARFIELD was carried there from the dépôt where he was shot down. General SWAIM, Colonel ROCKWELL, and Mr. BROWN, the President's private secretary, have not only been faithful attendants upon the wounded President, but have exhibited the utmost desire to oblige and assist members of the press, and an unfailing readiness to impart the information so eagerly sought for by an anxious country.

OUR MINISTER TO LIBERIA.

THE Rev. HENRY HIGHLAND GARNETT, who has been appointed United States Minister to Liberia, was born a slave on the estate of Colonel WILLIAM SPENCER, of Maryland, in 1816. At the age of eight years, on the death of his master, he succeeded in making his escape to the Free States. He graduated from the Oneida Collegiate Institute in 1839, and from the Troy Theological College in 1842.

It is a singular circumstance that his grandfather was brought from the country which is now Liberia, about a hundred years ago, by slave-dealers, and that the Doctor's daughter, Mrs. BARBOZA, a missionary, now resides with her family in the same place whence their ancestor was torn.

Dr. GARNETT has long been known as an eloquent and able minister of the Presbyterian Church, and he goes abroad with the best wishes of his countrymen.

THE LATE HON. NATHAN CLIFFORD.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE CLIFFORD, whose portrait is given on page 541, enjoyed a long and honorable public career as lawyer, member of Congress, and on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was born on a farm at Rumney, New Hampshire, in August, 1803, was educated at Haverhill Academy and the Hampton Literary Institution, and at the age of eighteen entered the law office of JOSIAH QUINCY, a leading lawyer of Grafton County, where he remained for five years. During that time he went alone through the whole course of college study, besides reading law. In May, 1827, he was admitted to the bar, and at once removed to York County, Maine. Soon after, he married HANNAH AYER, of Newfield, who survives him.

Mr. CLIFFORD was a fluent speaker, and his abilities brought him early into the political field. He served as a Democrat in the Maine Legislature, in Congress, as Attorney-General under President POLK, and as Minister to Mexico. In 1858 he was appointed by President BUCHANAN Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and held that position up to the time of his death. He was an upright, able, and learned jurist, but in politics he was a stanch partisan of the views and measures of the Democratic party. He was steadily opposed to the antislavery agitation, and to the whole policy of the Republican party, during the war and also during the period of reconstruction.

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Bob had acquired a curious trick of lying completely motionless on hearing the word of command "Dead!" and although he might be left for several moments, never rose till permission was given to do so. Nothing could exceed his dexterity at finding articles purposely hid in most unlikely places. Letters lodged on boughs of trees nearly out of his reach; gloves, whips, sticks, left in hedges; handkerchiefs dropped at any distance—all were alike discovered and restored.

He had not the least objection to music generally, having been accustomed to it from his earliest years, but nevertheless showed a strong and incurable aversion for anything approaching to the tone of a flute. Possibly this dislike may have arisen from the primitive and unmelodious efforts of some juvenile member of a military band. So inveterate was the prejudice that merely pretending to play on a ruler, whistling a tune, bore too close a resemblance to be calmly endured. Bob took great notice of any change in the expression of his friends' faces; an endless amusement thereby was afforded to children, through leading him to watch, while they made a series of grimaces, during which his eyes were eagerly fixed on their countenances. He cleverly affected to be extremely angry, growling and barking, though evidently realizing the joke. Bob also observed the faintest alteration of voice, and even of accent; for if addressed in an Irish brogue, he became wildly excited, doubtless hailing the sound as a pleasing reminiscence of his native land.

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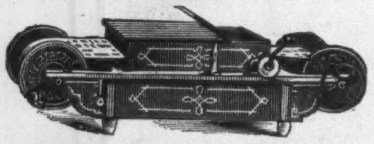

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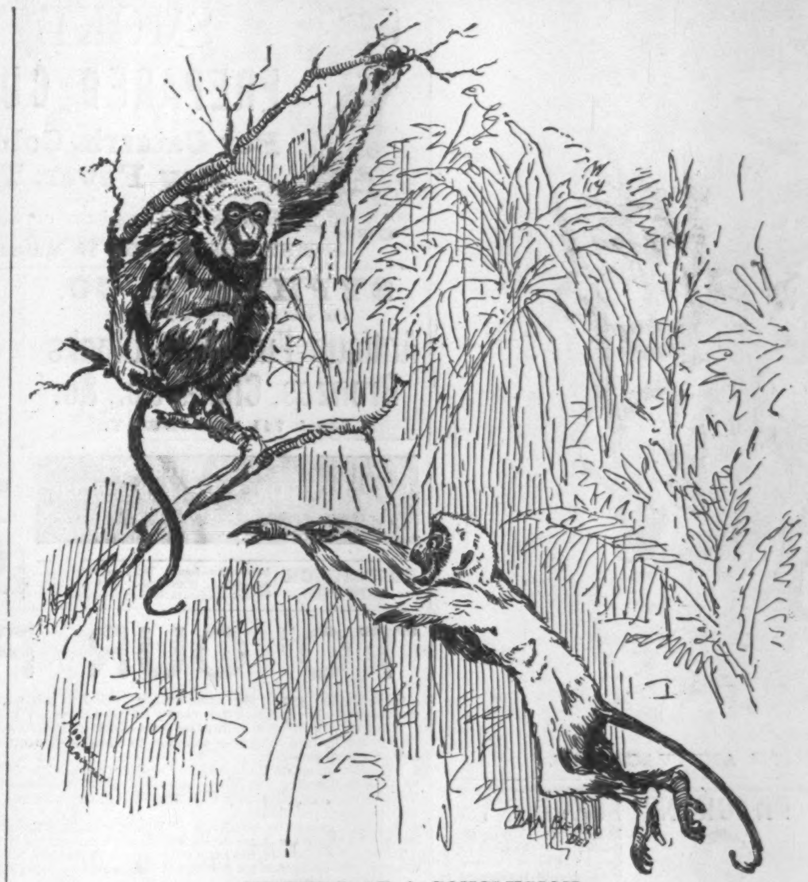

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